The Nation.

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The Week.

It is pleasant to note the quiet gratification with which the Venezuelan settlement is received on both sides of the Atlantic. Some able journalistic diplomats, whose views and predictions have been coldly ignored by the real negotiators, are looking a little puzzled and pained, and are advancing it as a cogent argument against the agreement that they "cannot understand it." But as nearly all the 100,000,000 people involved never did understand the Venezuelan controversy anyhow, they are not going to insist that the London *Chronicle* must be satisfied before any treaty is made. The fact is that, as far as this country is concerned, the whole angry dispute had long ago been consigned to the limbo of things which we are not a little ashamed of and which we should like to forget. In England the affair appears to have been regarded with more apprehension. Both Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley have spoken in grave terms of the serious possibilities involved in leaving the controversy unsettled, and the latter, in his speech on Tuesday week, declared the happy ending of the business to be more important than any international occurrence of the time. He said this, of course, on the understanding that a general treaty of permanent arbitration was to follow. That is what all must now hope and work for in order to complete "a splendid and beneficent example" of settling international differences, not like wild beasts, but like gentlemen and Christians.

One of the oddest results of the Venezuelan controversy has been the blotting out of Venezuela as an independent government, so far at least as the present settlement is concerned. She does not appoint a single member of the arbitration tribunal. On the face of the papers she is not consulted about anything. Her contention all along has been, not merely a demand for arbitration, but that the United States should be the arbitrator. Even this has been denied to her. The real arbitrator is the King of Sweden. If he should decide that British Guiana is entitled to every inch of territory that has not been in actual occupation by Venezuela for a period of fifty years, she would have nothing to say against it. This is a strange outcome for the orphan republic, yet it is the logical result of Mr. Olney's diplomacy, which set out with the proposition that our interests were threatened by the extension of British rule on the banks of the Orinoco. If that were true, they would be equally threatened whether the extension were made with the consent of Venezuela or not. In other words, the assertion of that doctrine was itself a denial of the sovereignty of Venezuela and her right to dispose of her own property.

The consequences of this claim were pretty fully discussed at the time when the President's Venezuelan message was a more exciting subject of debate than it is now. The most important of these was the assumption by us of responsibility for all the countries between the Rio Grande and the Straits of Magellan in their dealings with European Powers. The fact that these Powers might have something to say about so extensive a claim was not much considered in the beginning, but their newspapers have begun to tell what they think of it. Those of both France and Germany say that the treaty between England and the United States is no precedent for them. The Cologne *Gazette*, in an article which is accepted abroad as semi-official in character, says: "We wish to take the first opportunity to declare that the precedent is only English, and in no way European. Germany, at least, will never tolerate the intervention of a foreign state in the protection of German interests in South and Central America." It is to be hoped that she will not. No greater calamity of a foreign sort could befall us than to assume responsibility for the behavior of those Spanish-American countries, whose natural tendencies to insolence and disorder would be greatly multiplied if they understood that we were to assume their quarrels. For the present, however, the matter of most prominence is the snuffing out of Venezuela as a government having a voice in the determination of her own boundary.

Mr. Cleveland is not likely, as respects Cuba, to take steps at the close of his administration to initiate a policy for his successor. It is true that Mr. Harrison attempted to do this for his successor by recommending the annexation of Hawaii, but the ill success which attended the step would hardly commend it to Mr. Cleveland as an example to be followed. Mr. McKinley is entitled to a fair field in foreign as well as in domestic affairs. He ought not to be embarrassed by any gratuitous action at Washington. This principle applies with equal force to Congress, with whom the power to declare war rests exclusively. We have learned to our sorrow, however, that the executive, although forbidden to declare war, may scare Congress into a war at any time on the flimsiest of pretexts. Such a revelation would have struck both Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton dumb. It is a fact that we shall always have to reckon with hereafter. If Mr. Cleveland should say now that the state of affairs in Cuba is such that we ought to interfere on grounds of humanity, or on grounds of near neighborhood, or on any grounds whatever, the probability is that Congress would "stand behind him" as it did in the Venezuelan matter. If restrained from doing so at all, it would be only for the reason that the matter ought to be left to McKinley. But there are no grounds for our interference in the affairs of Cuba that have not existed from the beginning of the present struggle in the island. Moreover, it is the growing opinion, both here and abroad, that Spain cannot put down the rebellion, that she is near the end of her resources, and that she will not be able to make another campaign if she fails in this one. How insensate, therefore, is the policy which would plunge us into a foreign war, contrary to the law of nations, and contrary to our own precedents, against the country that sent Columbus out to discover the New World, and that has never done us a wrong from our birthday to the present hour.

Kentucky, South Dakota, and Wyoming were the closest of the forty-five States in the recent election, and ten days were required to show that McKinley had 258 plurality in the first and Bryan about 400 in the second, while Wyoming is apparently for Bryan by from 225 to 400 for the different electors. So narrow is the Republican margin in Kentucky that one Democratic elector is successful, as was one in Ohio four years ago, while the rest were for Harrison, through mistakes of voters in marking their ballots. The closeness of the result, however, should not obscure its great significance. Four years ago Kentucky gave 175,461 votes for Cleveland and 23,500 for Weaver—a total of 198,961, against only 135,441 for Harrison. This year McKinley has 218,055, or nearly 83,000 more than Harrison received in 1892, and Palmer 5,018—a total of 223,073 for sound money; while the combined vote of Bryan Democrats and Populists for their Presidential ticket was only 217,797. In a total poll 100,000 larger than four years ago, Bryan has less than 19,000 votes more than Cleveland and Weaver together, while McKinley and Palmer have nearly 88,000 more than were given Harrison. This is a tremendous political revolution. Counting all but one of Kentucky's thirteen electors for McKinley, and the other two close States for Bryan, the sound-money candidate will have 272 electoral votes against 175 for the Populist nominee. There will be continued figuring that a change of some 25,000 votes in Indiana, Kentucky, and four other States

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would have given Bryan a bare majority of the electoral college; but what makes Bryanism hopeless in the future is the fact that Indiana, and the solid block of States from the Atlantic to the Missouri River of which Indiana is the heart, will be even more strongly against it hereafter than now.

The only answer needed to Bryan's speeches of Saturday in favor of renewing the free-coinage agitation is furnished by the official returns of the vote in the South, which are now coming in. The returns from Georgia are no less significant of the demoralization in Democracy caused by the surrender to Populism than those of Kentucky above. Here are the figures, contrasted with those for 1892; the Democratic and Populist votes being given separately and together for 1892, and together for 1896:

	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.	Dem. and Pop.
1892	48,305	129,386	42,939	172,325
1896	60,190	.....	.....	94,332

There were, besides, 2,707 votes for Palmer this year, but all told the total is only 157,230, against 220,630 four years ago. While the Republicans increased their vote about 25 per cent., the fusion candidate this year secured less than 55 per cent. of the vote cast for Cleveland and Weaver four years ago. Evidently more than half the Democratic voters of 1892 refused to support the Populist candidate of 1896. No wonder that Southern Democratic newspapers say, in the expressive words of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, that "the only reply to a proposition for a renewal of the silver fight is, 'Rats!'"

Two senatorial seats from the South were practically disposed of by Democratic caucuses in Alabama and Georgia on Monday. Pugh is the man whose term is expiring in the former State, and, although he has nearly completed his seventy-sixth year, he was anxious for another term. There has been no little apprehension that he might succeed through an appeal to what may be called the eleemosynary motive—the plea that he is an old man and needs the salary—for there is no doubt that this has helped to keep more than one antediluvian office-holder in his place. But the spell has at last been broken in Pugh's case, and the Legislature will send as his successor Gen. Pettus, of whom little is known, but who can hardly fail to be an improvement upon Pugh. In Georgia the seat falling vacant is that of Gen. Gordon, who is by no means a Bourbon of the Pugh school, but has of late years seemed to lose his interest in public affairs. His predestined successor was ex-Speaker Crisp, who would have been no help to his State, but his death left the field open to all comers, and the prize has been carried off by Alexander S. Clay, a comparatively young man, who has been Speaker of the House and President of the Senate in the Georgia Legislature, and has made a good reputation in each body.

The suggestions of the Indianapolis *Journal* that Mr. McKinley should offer a cabinet position to Gen. Buckner or Mr. Bourke Cockran, or should recognize the sound-money Democrats in the distribution of general patronage, and of the *Iowa State Register* that he should retain Mr. Carlisle as Secretary of the Treasury, are gratifying proofs that the splendid services of the sound-money Democrats in the campaign are appreciated, but this is not likely to go beyond the expression of good feeling. The men who went to the Indianapolis convention had higher aims than the procuring of office. If they had wanted cabinet positions or patronage, they would have supported Bryan. What they really wanted was to save the republic from degradation and ruin. This was their first aim. Their second was to keep the Democratic party alive as one of the great conservative forces of the nation and as an ark of safety for the future. Both of these aims have been secured. We are convinced, from our knowledge of these men, that all the offices that have ever been created, since the beginning of the world, could not give them a tithe of the satisfaction that they have derived from the consciousness of duty performed for their country. These men want no appointments to office. We do not believe that they would accept any if offered. To do so would be to neutralize the moral support they now have among their own rank and file. Any election coming to them from Republican voters at the polls, or from a State Legislature composed wholly or largely of Republicans, would rest upon a different basis, and would not be open to this kind of objection; yet even such preferment should not be solicited.

The comments of the London *Spectator* upon McKinley's election are delightful reading. Only a week before the election this wonderful journal was discussing the probabilities of Bryan's success, with preternaturally wise observations about the "arrogant assurance of the money power," and solemn quotations from the prognostications of "Mr. Moreton Frewen, who generally knows what he is talking about." When the news of the election arrived, and the awful fact that, as usual, Mr. Moreton Frewen had not the slightest knowledge of the things he was talking about, was disclosed so plainly that even the *Spectator* was able to see it, a sharp corner had to be turned. The task was accomplished with visible signs of anguish. "We underrated," said the editor, "the strength of the conservative forces in the Union," and then added: "We never doubted that Mr. McKinley would prevail in the electoral contest, but we believed, as we know some of the ablest Americans also believed, that his opponent would reach more nearly to the goal." The identity of these "ablest Americans" is, of course, a secret in the editor's bosom, but we have little doubt that their names are Jones and Teller. The usual two columns of profound speculation follow these confessions, with this important admission: "We doubt if a vote was ever given that was better calculated to dispel, or at least diminish, the fears of those who, while they do not question that Demos, the new Sovereign, is well intentioned, are full of alarm as to both his knowledge and his wisdom." And again: "The result will greatly diminish alarm as to the future course of democracy in America." Let us hope also it will diminish English capacity for swallowing blatherskite information about Americans and American affairs.

The returns which candidates for Congress in this city are filing of their election expenses make curious revelations. Mr. Quigg, the absurd person who was reëlected in the Fourteenth District, swears that he spent $6,615.45 in order to get an office for two years at a salary of $5,000 a year. Did he pay this out of his own pocket, or did he get help from Platt and other generous friends? Why should he spend so large a sum when he was certain of election? The returns show that he would have won if he had not spent a cent. The tide for McKinley was so strong in that district that every candidate on the Republican ticket was absolutely sure of election, no matter what his calibre. Voters were so anxious that their ballots should not be invalidated by any possible blunder in marking, that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them voted the straight Republican ticket, taking Quigg with the rest, without considering his merits at all. This being the case, Quigg has simply thrown away more than half his salary, provided that he spent his own money, which is of course very doubtful. Mr. McClellan spent over $3,000 in his district, but he had more need to do so than Quigg had, and Mr. Shannon spent $3,431 in his district, although he was sure of election. It is a queer business, this willingness to pay such ruinously high prices for public office, and the wonder is how the comparatively poor men who so often pay it manage to live afterwards.

The sworn return of the Hon. James J. Belden, who was reëlected to Congress in the Syracuse district, confirms once more the immortal remark of Jake Sharp concerning him, that "Jim Belden is a man who don't stir round for nothing." He admits that he paid $13,180 in campaign expenses, or $3,180 more than the salary of a Congressman for the full term. Of this amount $10,180 went to the McKinley League, which is the anti-

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Platt organization in the State, and to which the allegiance of Belden, as chief financial backer, adds a moral grandeur which can scarcely be overestimated. All candidates for Congressmen seem to have paid very heavily for their nominations this year, though none of them came anywhere near to Belden's figures. The most reprehensible showing which the sworn returns of expenditures have thus far made, is in regard to the sums which seem to have been levied upon candidates for judicial offices. Judge Vann, who was elected to the Court of Appeals, swears that his expenses amounted to $3,555, of which sum $2,500 was contributed to the Republican State committee and $1,000 to the Republican committee of Onondaga County. William W. Goodrich, Republican candidate for Supreme Court Justice in the Second District, swears that he spent $3,590, of which sum $3,500 went to the Republican State committee. Why should either of these men pay a penny to any committee, and what did the Republican State committee do with the money? The Republican canvass in this State this year took care of itself, and had no need of large sums of money; but even if it had needed money, no judicial candidate ought to have contributed it. We ought to have a law forbidding not only assessments upon judicial candidates, but voluntary contributions by them. In this way alone can the political managers be prevented from putting a price-mark upon every judicial vacancy.

The situation in Constantinople does not improve; and although our duty to meddle in it may not be clear, the duty of having a first-class man at the post whose judgment would be clear, who would have some knowledge and experience of diplomacy, and whose words would have some weight with somebody, is very plain indeed. Instead of this we have a perfectly raw and ill-educated man from one of the least diplomatic and wildest States in the Union—Texas—in the person of Mr. Terrell. We have excellent authority for saying that he is the laughing-stock of diplomatic circles in Constantinople. He knows nothing of any language but his own, and is therefore at the mercy of his dragoman in a city where English is rarely spoken. Last April he wrote the Sultan a letter of advice of such abounding folly that Mr. Gresham gave him a rebuke which would have caused any man even one-quarter fit for the place to resign promptly. Moreover, there could not have been a severer piece of condemnation for the Administration, for it confessed the extreme badness of Mr. Terrell's appointment, made when Turkish affairs were becoming really threatening. Not only does Mr. Terrell know nothing of diplomacy, but nothing of Turkish diplomacy, which is the wiliest and most inscrutable of all. The news he sends home of the promises of indemnity for murders and injuries to American property, made to him by the Sultan, and of the love and admiration of Americans which prevail at the Yildiz Kiosk, simply show the contempt the Turks entertain for the man. They are civil to him simply because they know there is no harm in him. Not a cent of indemnity will ever be paid him. Nothing could well be more humiliating to us than his preparations to sign a new treaty with the Porte which is almost the facsimile of the one which has been in existence for the last sixty years, and has received little or no attention from the Sultan.

The French Government is the latest one to plume itself on having at last got those Turkish reforms started. Foreign Minister Hanotaux said some ugly things about the Sultan a few days ago, the French Ambassador at Constantinople made urgent representations, and, lo, the reforms begin! France at once lays her hand on her heart to receive gracefully the congratulations of all Europe. Just think of it, the Sultan has promised to let out of prison every man who has been rotting there for a year charged with no crime! True, these reforms, in sixteen beautiful chapters with supplementary regulations, were solemnly promised in an imperial irade of October 17, 1895. True, not one of them has been put in execution or an attempt made to do so. True, the Sultan has given a smirking promise to this, that, and the other ambassador that he was going to begin the work. But now he has given one more lying promise, and the welkin of diplomacy is ringing with hallelujahs. Nothing so ludicrous has been seen since Mr. Winkle took off his coat and announced in a loud voice that he was about to begin.

The London *Economist* makes a terrible showing of the way in which South African mining shares have been manipulated on the London Stock Exchange. From the highest valuations recorded this year there has been a tremendous falling off, amounting to from 15 to 50 per cent. in the leading companies. The worst of it is that all the evidence points to inside selling for the fall by way of the Continent and Johannesburg. In other words, those very firms of the Rand that were going to sustain the "boom" prices of last year have been quietly and steadily cutting the ground out from under the English investors whom they had persuaded to come in at top prices. The troubles in the Transvaal have been a godsend to these speculators, who have not failed to have them magnified in the organs they control, along with many gloomy reports of the prospective giving out of the deep-level mining, and so on. All this, the *Economist* shrewdly suspected, was preliminary to the engineering of a "bear squeeze," and its prediction seems already to have been verified in the glowing account of the future of the Rand mines given in London ten days ago by Hammond, the American whom Krüger caught. The mixing up of these vulgar stock-jobbers in England's South African policy is a scandal which the Parliamentary Commission of inquiry should probe to the bottom.

Emperor William can never swear in troops without leaving it a little doubtful whether the oath is taken "so help me God," or "so help me William." This confusion was more than ordinarily noticeable in his address to the recruits in Berlin on Thursday. The only thing that saves his language from being shockingly profane is the conviction, which now must be profound in all those who have studied his symptoms, that it is the language of an insane person. His thinly veiled appeal to the officers to go on fighting duels with everybody who questions his absolute wisdom, will cause a great sensation in Germany, where efforts to put down army duelling have of late been strenuous; while his defiant assertion that the nation would shed "our last drop of blood" to keep Alsace and Lorraine, is plainly meant as a challenge to the Franco-Russian alliance to come on if they dare. There have been mad monarchs before, but never, we believe, has one been left at large with such terrible power for evil, both to his own country and to all Europe, as is in the hands of the mania-driven Emperor of Germany.

Monday's debate in the Reichstag resulted in an almost unalloyed triumph for Prince Bismarck. It was not that his methods were justified. His policy in making a secret treaty with Russia in 1884, undoing to a certain extent the Triple Alliance to which he was bound to be faithful, is evidently a galling thing to the present rulers of Germany. His reckless disregard of the public interest in revealing the secret at this juncture, they make no pretence of defending. But they have no stomach for a fight with him. Even rash Emperor William has no desire to pick up the challenge of the bitter and defiant ex-Chancellor. That is the kind of triumph which Bismarck most enjoys. He has not won respect but has inspired fear. His opponents gnash their teeth at him, but they do it helplessly and leave him master of the field. All this must be delicious to a man whose diet for eighty years has been blood and iron. Yet there can be no doubt that his cynical revelations have given a rude blow to European diplomacy. Italy and Austria are putting on the best face possible in the presence of this treachery of their ally, but they must be keeping up a terrible thinking. Other statesmen must be anxiously asking themselves what treaties are worth the paper they are written on, what alliances are secure, if such diplomatic methods as Bismarck's are possible nowadays.

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THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

SINCE election day there has been a further advance of nearly 10 cents per bushel in the price of wheat. This advance has not been so exceptional in the general movement of commodities as was the 25-cent rise before the opening of November. As a matter of fact, the majority of marketable articles in this country have gained in price, to a greater or less extent, since the nation's vote of November 3. This is not an unusual phenomenon; it is largely in the nature of reaction from abnormally low prices, caused by the recent period of uncertainty and dread. Disordered trade, especially when occasioned by the prospect of disordered currency, results logically and invariably in a shrinkage of commercial demand. The fabric of credit being threatened with destruction, dealers and middlemen will not lay in a stock to provide for needs other than those of immediate consumption. While, therefore, through the producer's eagerness to convert his produce into cash during the period of hard times, the supply of commodities on the market becomes even larger than usual, demand at the same time shrinks continuously. From such a situation there can be no other outcome than the stagnant markets and the generally declining prices which this country witnessed during the late campaign for repudiation.

To this declining tendency wheat was a remarkable exception. Yet it is altogether probable that wheat would have advanced still further during the autumn months, and that much more of the gain would have accrued to the American farmer, but for the blow at trade and credit inflicted by last July's convention at Chicago. This view was expressed a month ago, officially and very plainly, by the Agricultural Department's European agent, who naturally reflected expert foreign opinion on the question. It is, in fact, notorious that the profit from the advance in wheat during September and October was chiefly gained by foreign purchasers. The home demand for future markets was paralyzed as a result of the domestic trade convulsion; credit was quite disorganized, and farmer and middleman alike sold what they had to the Liverpool grain-importer at the low prices of August. Since the election this situation has been completely reversed. This month it is the American owner of the unsold wheat who holds the key to the market.

Under such circumstances, the future of the wheat market becomes a peculiarly interesting study. That there will be a very material reduction in the world's supply this year is nowhere questioned. India, which exported during the fiscal year ending with March, 1892, no less than 56,566,000 bushels, and which sent out 18,672,000 in the fiscal year ending last March, is in a state of famine, and instead of sending wheat abroad, is importing largely from this country. Australasia, whose wheat exports in one recent year reached 24,000,000 bushels, has had two successive partial harvest failures, and will probably be compelled to turn importer. The Argentine Republic, one of our two chief competitors in recent years, which sent out 37,000,000 bushels in 1895, has had such ill fortune with its harvests as to remove that country, for the present, from active competition.

Estimates of the total anticipated shortage for the world vary widely, as is usual, but the lowest responsible estimates would place the total crop of 1896 at a smaller aggregate even than that of 1891. The *Financial Chronicle* has lately pointed out one fact which may have its influence in checking an extreme advance —the fact that in 1891 the harvest failures were especially disastrous in the great producing and consuming states of Europe. This gave a peculiar impetus to the immediate demand for wheat in the fall of 1891. The present situation is different, in that Europe's own crops, probably excepting Russia, are on the average fairly good. It is interesting to observe, however, that wheat at its highest last week was selling 25½ cents per bushel above the price of the corresponding week a year ago, 32 cents above 1894, 24 cents above 1893, and 13½ cents above 1892. The present level is 7 cents a bushel higher than the best price touched in the violent advance of June, 1895. It is only 19 or 20 cents below the highest price in the fall of 1891, and this comparison is made more noteworthy from the fact that wheat in 1891 reached its maximum price during the second week of November, after which followed a continuous decline. The well-known reason for that decline was the unexpected increase in supplies sent out by the very Asiatic, Australian, and South American producing states which are this year crippled by the drought.

That the profits of our farmers, and their contentment, therefore, with the situation, have increased with this advance in wheat, unaccompanied by a general harvest failure in this country, will not be doubted. In some quarters, however, it is complained that, even with this sudden decrease in foreign competition, the price of wheat is only back at the average level of a quarter of a century ago. In 1877 the failure of a wheat crop in two or three of the world's great wheat-producing nations meant nearly $2 a bushel at New York; in 1855 it meant $2.50. Has not the farmer still, then, something to complain of?

The assertion that what may be called the "famine maximum" in the price of wheat has been more than cut in two within the last twenty-five or fifty years is quite correct. We believe, however, that unbiassed minds select this fact as one of the most cheering landmarks in the progress of civilization. For half-a-dozen centuries the darkest blot on civilized society was the possibility that the deserving poor, because of an unfavorable harvest season in one quarter of the globe, would die by hundreds of thousands from absolute lack of food. Until a comparatively recent epoch the recurrence of such horribly destructive famines was an outcome chiefly of ignorant methods in agriculture and of wholly deficient means of transportation. When these obstructions to the welfare of humanity began to disappear, the greedy search for Government protection to producers, for prohibitory import duties at ordinary times and prohibition of exports in deficient harvests, was instituted to fill their place.

The result of such provisions in the public laws may be imagined. During the two famous years of European famine, 1739 and 1740, when the price of wheat rose 200 per cent., a French historian has estimated that more citizens of France died of starvation than fell in all the wars of Louis XIV. In 1753, it is said, 800 people died of hunger in one month in a single quarter of Paris. Taine and Lecky have pointed out the very essential part played by the harvest failure of 1788 in bringing to a focus the forces which resulted in the worst atrocities of the French Revolution. In 1756, Tooke observes in his 'History of Prices,' there were insurrections throughout England, "on account of the scarcity of corn and the high price of provisions." In 1775, in France, a contemporary chronicler remarked, "bread in several places could not be procured for money." In England "troops were stationed to protect the markets and the roads and rivers by which they were supplied." In somewhat mitigated form, the same evils continued into the nineteenth century. "Bread riots"—a term which this generation hardly understands—were frequent incidents in London during the first half of the present century. The theory of Malthus, that the world's food supplies could not possibly keep pace with unchecked increase in its population, obtained at the opening of the century a popular vogue which can be explained only by that generation's familiarity with the spectacle of wholesale famine and starvation.

The last great English famine—that of 1845 and 1846—cut the final prop from under this wicked system of prohibitory import charges on food. Until one or more of the great consuming nations had taken such a step, it was impossible that agriculture in other quarters of the globe should extend further than was required to meet consuming needs of the producing state. Nobody will raise grain which the law prohibits from a market. But the repeal of the British corn laws was followed by the extension of farming area; first in the United States, then in northern and southern Europe. Finally, during the last twenty-five years, when ingenuity had provided means by which wheat could be brought from far south-

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ern climates in fit condition for the milling process, southern Asia, Australia, and South America were added to the list. Actual famine, in the civilized states of Europe and America, is no longer a possibility. The time will come, moreover, when such a famine as this year's in Central India will be equally inconceivable. Such another forward step in humanity and civilization will be the plain result of the mighty forces at work throughout this generation, forces against which the bimetallic orators are beating out their brains—the spread of intelligent agriculture, increase throughout the world in means of quick and economical transportation, and the consequent general lowering of the cost of food.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

THE recent political campaign brought together in a spirit of amity those who favor and those who oppose what is called the "high-tariff policy." What particular schedules or rates of duty come under the definition of a high tariff nobody pretends to decide. A great many people consider the present average rate of duty too high by comparison with those which the Republican party was satisfied with before 1890, when the McKinley bill came up. Many others consider the present average rate too low merely because it was passed by a Democratic Congress. Others, with more reason, think the average rate of duty of small consequence, while the particular rates on certain articles, such as wool and sugar, are of much importance. There is a division in the Republican party itself between those who would make revenue the chief consideration in the tariff, and those who would give the leading place to protection. There are those who have been zealous protectionists heretofore, and who may be called protectionists on principle, who think that the system has become somewhat antiquated, and that we are nearing the time when we can compete with Europe in many leading articles, such as iron and steel. Finally, there is an influential and growing body of opinion among Republicans that a fresh overhauling of the tariff would put in jeopardy the revival of business which has been so gratifying a result of the election of McKinley, and that it would cause a disintegration of the elements which contributed thereto, and a redistribution of votes which might prove politically disastrous in the near future.

If anybody had ventured to predict twelve months ago that politics would take such shape that Congressman Dingley and ex-Congressman Wilson, or, for that matter, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Cleveland, could sit down and discuss the tariff question without partisan rancor, but with a view solely to the good of the country, he would have been considered a visionary. Yet that odd condition seems to have been reached. From nearly all quarters we hear the same story. Newspapers that were most determined last spring to have an extra session of Congress called to pass the Dingley bill, preparatory to some more radical and comprehensive measure, are now counselling their party friends to go slow. These words of caution are nowhere more frequent than in Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* finds that the leading Republicans of that State desire to "avoid another prolonged season of tariff agitation in the next Congress as well as a fresh disturbance of business." The *Ledger* of the same city, in its Washington correspondence, tells us that it is a great mistake to suppose that Mr. McKinley himself is wedded to the McKinley tariff, or that he entertains extreme views on the subject. Whether he was in favor of all the prohibitory clauses of that measure, or whether they were forced upon him by the mob of private interests that came flocking to Washington when they understood that there was to be a new deal, we are quite prepared to believe that he has got new light on the subject from events which have occurred since. In other words, we shall not be surprised to find the new President taking a conservative position on this question. We shall be greatly surprised if he puts at risk any votes by which his election was secured and without which his party would be in a minority to-day.

It is hardly necessary to enforce the view that the business of the country needs time to recover from the shocks it has suffered during the past three or four years. Whatever the causes may have been, the great want now is freedom from disturbance. Everybody can see that we are getting on our feet once more. We want to avoid being knocked down again—at any rate until we get our wind. It is true that the Government ought to have more revenue, perhaps $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 more a year in normal conditions, although receipts vary so much with the state of general business and the probabilities of new legislation that we hardly ever have normal conditions. Quite as much as added revenue the country needs industrial prosperity, and that immediately. This will not be possible during a general overhauling of the tariff again, however satisfactory things might be at the end of the task. As soon as the importers know that a higher tariff is coming, they begin to stock up the bonded warehouses with foreign goods, taking advantage of the lower rates while it lasts. This produces a big revenue for the time being, but by so much overloads the country with manufactured articles. This in turn shuts down the American factories, and during the period of uncertainty as to the outcome of tariff legislation a paralysis of industry is inevitable. Two recent experiences of this sort have warned us that it is very risky business to revise the tariff when revenue and a steady and uniform industrial development are desired. Under both the McKinley and the present tariffs, there was this stocking-up of the market in anticipation of changes, or unloading of the market when a drop in rates was anticipated. Moreover, it by no means follows that more revenue is to be gained by increasing the rates of duty. The amount may be lessened by that very means, and usually the protected interests prefer that it should be.

It is safe to say that a large and increasing number of Republicans are opposed to fresh tinkering with the tariff. In fact, the only section of the party likely to give trouble is the wool-growers, under the lead of the Ohio triumvirate, which has been reduced to a duumvirate by the death of Columbus Delano. They are already at work on a new tariff, and for this purpose got what they call a farmers' congress together at Indianapolis, whose exercises were directed by Judge Lawrence, one of the duumvirs. The object of this "congress" seems to have been to "bring pressure" on McKinley to call a special session of the other congress—the Congress of the United States—to enact a new tariff bill. The Dingley bill, now pending, does not satisfy Lawrence; the duties on wool being altogether too low, in his judgment. He considered the duties in the McKinley bill too low, and was engaged in a vigorous fight to have them increased when the Wilson bill was passed. The wool duties in the Dingley bill are only six-tenths of those in the McKinley act of 1890. Of course that would not satisfy the duumvirs; hence their eagerness to have an entirely new bill and an extra session. We think that they will not get either. The Republican party has too lively a recollection of the consequences of following the lead of this same Lawrence in 1890. The McKinley tariff was initiated by him. The party leaders allowed him to start the avalanche which buried them all in the elections of 1890 and 1892. They may make other mistakes hereafter, but they are not likely to make that one again. Curiously enough, ex-President Harrison was one of the speakers at this so-called congress, and he exhibited some common-sense when he advised them to speak out and tell what they wanted and not continue beating the air. What they really want is a prohibitory duty on wool. We agree with Mr. Harrison that they ought to say so, and not veil their desires under vague phrases about "the most ample protection to agricultural products."

As regards the Dingley bill itself, there is very little likelihood of its passing. Even Mr. Dingley himself does not expect it to become a law—perhaps does not desire that it should, seeing that it was only a makeshift intended to expire by limitation on the 1st of August, 1898. That is to say, it would be in force only a year and a half if it should be passed this winter. But if it could get a majority vote in the

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Senate (which is unlikely), it would probably be vetoed by President Cleveland, whose tariff policy from the beginning has been based on free wool. Although the Dingley bill comes far short of satisfying the Ohio duumvirate, it nevertheless runs counter to all Mr. Cleveland's views on the subject. He might very well say that it was not worth while to pass a haphazard bill like this to last only a short time and upset the calculations of the commercial world twice in eighteen months, besides bringing upon us retaliatory measures in other countries. The Argentine Republic has actually made preparations to meet a reimposition of duties on her wools by discriminating against our manufactures. Senator Teller, in an interview, says that he has not found any reason for changing his mind or his vote on the Dingley bill. Consequently it cannot pass the Senate this winter unless bolting Democrats can be found to take the place of bolting Republicans.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THE "MONEY POWER."

THE *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore, after recounting the difficulties the South had to contend with in the late canvass, the fear of negro domination, the fear of a force bill, and the strength of the silver sentiment among the agriculturists (the bulk of the population), and showing what a large minority voted for McKinley, has the following rather amazing passage:

> "If the business people of the North will study these facts, they will see that the South should receive unstinted praise for its magnificent work in behalf of sound money. They will see that never before has any section given greater proof of the moral courage of its people, and in these facts they will find abundant reasons for regarding with favor the South as a field for investment. Now that the South has made such a showing, fulfil your promises and turn the capital seeking investment, the farmers looking for homes, the manufacturers anxious to build mills where raw material is most abundant, to this favored land. Here is a field for the display of good business judgment and for patriotic work that has no equal. Here is the supreme opportunity presented to the capitalists of America and to the Republican party as a party."

The facts are that twelve States of the old sixteen composing the solid South voted for Bryan, although in two of these twelve there are suspicions of fraud; that the great bulk of the press—there were a few honorable exceptions—teemed during the canvass with abuse of bankers, capitalists, and of the Northern sound-money press, and with notions about currency which, so opposed were they to the experience of the human race and all ages and nations, would discredit an Indian council; that a great many of its leading men swallowed their own convictions publicly, and agreed to vote for the ruin of their country and support its assailants, simply because they had attended the Democratic caucuses or primaries, which is very much as if, having attended a meeting of Molly Maguires, and the meeting having, unexpectedly to you, voted to murder a man, you felt bound to lend a hand.

To understand the full gravity of all this, from the business point of view, we must remember that the Bryan platform tacitly proposed to make the Supreme Court subject to the will of the majority at each election. The Supreme Court is the guardian of the Constitution, and what is most important to investors is, that it is in an especial manner the guardian of that clause of the Constitution which makes contracts inviolable by State authority. Without the Supreme Court this clause would not be worth the paper on which it is written. State Legislatures would constantly authorize breaches of contract, and the elected Populist judges would find fifty excuses for giving no remedy. This is over and above the enormous currency danger. To invite people to invest in a community which proposes to debase the currency in order to make it easier to pay debts, and to make judges elective in order to punish them for a decision, makes their appeal to moneyed men to come down and trust them seem little short of a joke.

The fact is, the South has made its greatest mistake since going to war for slavery, in supporting Bryan in his attack on our government. The line drawn across the continent by the elections, leaving the great bulk of property and intelligence on one side, and poverty, colored men, ignorance, want of capital and manufactures on the other, is a most unfortunate advertisement for the South to make to the world. We know the allowances that have to be made for what has occurred, and how largely the Democratic majorities fell off in all the States, and what a provocation such things as the force bill and the pension laws have been to the South; but, as we strongly disapprove of a man's cutting off his own nose in order to spite his enemies, so also we strongly disapprove of a poor community's making proclamation that it has no fixed standard of value and has no respect for plighted faith. A man who would rush with his children's money to such a community would, in all countries which have anything to lend or invest, be considered little short of crazy.

Nor is the matter mended for the moment by the conversions of newspapers or of men of which we hear every day. These are good things politically, but they will not be, for some time to come, very valuable from a business point of view. In business, confidence is a plant of slow growth. Business men trust character, not opinions. Character means a long course of rational and orderly behavior. Opinions a man can change when he pleases. All we know about them is what he tells us. He may change them for five dollars or for an office, or through fear that he will not get a nomination, when the time comes. Capitalists and investors are not taken in by these things. When a man who has been yelling for silver for six months suddenly says he is now for gold, and never yelled for silver sincerely, he inspires not respect but contempt. The last thing that occurs to the investor is that it would now be a good thing to lend him some money.

In supporting Bryan the South has, for the time being, parted company with civilization. To read some of the articles in such papers as the Atlanta *Constitution* about the "money power," one might fairly suppose that the editor sat at his desk with a breech-clout, and had his face ornamented with red ochre. There was no answering them from the civilized man's point of view, because to answer arguments on such subjects as currency and government the disputants have to have some common ground. The ridiculous ogre which they dressed up and called the "money power" means simply the savings all over the world of the thrifty, the frugal, the shrewd, which keep civilization from perishing by the process of continual renewal. Neither Rothschild, nor Vanderbilt, not Rockefeller would get a cent of income from their enormous fortunes if they did not invest them judiciously in great and profitable undertakings which employ millions of people. Neither the South nor any other community can profit by turning the world upside down. Industry, and fidelity, and common sense will, by and by, restore its fortunes, but it must not expect such a debauch as the Bryan business to be forgotten at once. Our belief is that the South will suffer until the support of rational legislation this year and another Presidential election show that the late lesson has had its effect, and that the people are once more clothed and in their right mind. To abuse capitalists and in the same breath try to borrow from them is not rational. There must be a little interval.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MR. P. G. HAMERTON began the account of his own life, which has just been published, with the assertion that he could write his own biography better than anybody else. He added that most biographies are necessarily autobiographic in any case. That is to say, in the nature and amount of the material which a famous man leaves for his biographer to work with, there is inevitably such an element of personal selection, such guiding hints, such a giving or withholding of data, as largely determine the result. The literary form is the biographer's, but the dead hand that provided the documents really writes the life.

The force of this remark might be illustrated by reference to many biographies published since Hamerton wrote. Whatever blame has been imputed to Froude's Life of Carlyle, for example, really strikes back to Carlyle himself. It

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was he who furnished the letters and the manuscripts—he who turned over all that gunpowder with unlimited discretion given as to when and how it was to be exploded. If he thought that Froude would be more discreet than he proved himself, that fact itself is of the highest biographic value: the deliberate choice of an indiscreet biographer is alone significant of much, as Carlyle would say, in the character of a great man. We incline to think that Froude is not so much accounted a sinner above all that dwell in Jerusalem as he was a dozen years ago. Subsequent black deeds by other biographers may have made the world more tolerant. Purcell's 'Cardinal Manning,' for instance, has been called an attempt on the life of that prelate. But, however that may be, the justification of Hamerton's observation is apparent. Positively and directly, every man who arranges to have his own life written, practically writes a good part of it himself.

Negatively and indirectly the case is as clear. Everybody has read of the holocaust of letters and private papers which Tennyson and Browning made before their death. They were doubtless acting under terror of the new smutch of publicity on the fine and delicate things of life, of which they had seen so many warning examples. They and their friends should not be smeared in that way if a little timely burning of correspondence could prevent it. Similarly we had Taine a few years ago carefully destroying all papers and letters relating to his own life, and leaving solemn injunctions, like Thackeray, that no formal biography of him should be written. This was, in a sense, writing one's own biography by determining that none should be written. It pointed inquirers to facts already public, and referred them to the author's works as the sufficient mirror and expression of his life.

Mr. Hamerton also took up the question of printing allusions which would hurt the feelings of the living or cast a slight upon the memory of the dead. Who is least apt to offend in these ways, the biographer or the autobiographer? The latter, he contended—that is, if he undertook his work as Mr. Hamerton did his. He began to write years before his death. Who could know how better to shield the sensibilities of his friends and correspondents than he himself? But his autobiography was not to be published until after his death. Who could be more considerate of the defenceless dead than a writer who knew that he would be one of themselves when his book saw the light? All this is perhaps more nice than convincing. The taste and delicacy of the man who does the actual writing are more critical in these matters than the fact of his writing about himself or another, whether for immediate or posthumous publication. Certainly we have seen memoirs, such as those of Talleyrand and Barras, which seem to argue in their authors a fiendish delight in contemplation of the malicious flings and vitriolic personalities that would come, after long years, from their graves. Actual death may extinguish envy, but the anticipation of death does not necessarily do so.

A recent English biography, that of Archbishop Magee, has shown how biographer and autobiographer may work together to create scandal. Magee was as unlikely archiepiscopal timber as one would be apt to find. An impetuous, witty Irishman, with a fatal gift of irony and epigram, he blazed his eloquent and unconventional way along in defiance of all the traditions of ecclesiastical preferment. He was the sort of man who would get up in the House of Lords and make fun of all the dignitaries to their faces, who, on occasion, would assert there that he would rather see England free than England sober, and who was, in private life, prodigal of such epithets of sweetness and light as "unmitigated ass!" Such a man's letters and conversations could not but be full of blazing indiscretions, and his clerical biographer has printed some of them calculated to wring more than one bosom high in the English hierarchy. Yet what was to be done, and who was at fault? Magee was the author of the wicked characterizations, and left a mass of them for the use of his biographer. Should the latter have blurred the picture he was undertaking to draw? One sees how difficult a matter it is to apportion blame in such cases.

Mr. Hamerton also touches on the old question of the autobiography behind the autobiography. He maintains that an autobiographer is truthful in spite of himself. Whatever suppressions or concealments he may essay, the murder will out. Nature is too much for the most consummate actor, and fatally catches him off his guard now and then, however skilful the disguises he puts on. The idea of Rousseau which we get from his 'Confessions' can scarcely be the one he intended to convey. It is as if he unconsciously wrote some of his pages in an invisible ink which time made legible. Behind Goethe's apparent frankness in acknowledging an idealization of his own life in 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' there lurks a certain elusiveness that of itself tells a truth to which he did not suppose himself to be giving utterance. Who will say that even the extraordinary lack of self-consciousness and the crystal objectivity of a Franklin always told the true story of his life?

Whatever the answer to these queries, their very propounding again and again, with the repeated discussion of the proper methods and limits of biography, witnesses to the indestructible charm of this branch of literature. "Don't read me history," exclaimed Horace Walpole, "for I know that cannot be true." But biography, whether wholly true or not, has a perennial interest, which indiscretion cannot wither nor plodding stale.

THE ROYAL PAGEANT IN ITALY.

ROME, October 25, 1896.

IT was King Humbert's desire that the marriage of the Crown Prince to Helen, third daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, should take place in one of the great Roman basilicas. To this effect, Monsignor Anzino, his Majesty's private chaplain, sought to obtain his Holiness's consent. But, as on every occasion when the Vatican has it in its power to make difficulties for the Quirinal, the Pope refused to let the Prince's marriage be celebrated in any of the Papal churches, or even any cardinal or bishop assist at the ceremony. His Holiness suggested that the Prince should be married at Florence, in which case the Bishop should perform the service at Santa Maria del Fiore. That the Crown Prince should not be married in Rome was inadmissible; the King therefore decided that Santa Maria degli Angeli, the church which Michael Angelo designed after the tepidarium of the Baths of Diocletian, and which, having been declared a public monument, was under the control of the Ministry of Public Instruction, should be prepared for the marriage, and that Monsignor Piscicelli, the Grand Prior of the Palatine Church of St. Nicholas at Bari, in which Princess Helen was to make her abjuration of the orthodox faith and to be received into the Catholic Church, should come to Rome after this function and officiate at the marriage ceremony. The priorate of St. Nicholas of Bari is an office dependent on the Government, preferment to it being in the royal appointment.

Rome has always been ready to keep festas, and the entrance of the Montenegrin Princess on Thursday with her father, Prince Nicholas, her brother, Prince Mirko, her sister, the young Princess Anna, and her suite of Montenegrin ministers and attendants, was a very fitting occasion for all Rome to turn out to meet the bride and honor the occasion. Accordingly, from an early hour the streets were alive with people; country folk bent on sightseeing were pouring into the city from all its gates, while each train brought people from the provinces to join in the welcome to their new princess. The Prince of Naples, who had been with his uncle, the Duke of Genoa, to Montenegro, to accompany his bride to Italy and to be present at the ceremony of abjuration at Bari, arrived by an earlier train and was enthusiastically greeted by cheers on his way to the Quirinal, where he was hurrying to take his place in the cortège for the reception of the Princess. The weather, after weeks of intermittent rain, was gloriously bright and sunny—a good omen in itself, and allowing the royal carriages to be open for the show. A temporary theatre of wood had been erected around the semicircular Piazza delle Terme adjoining the railway station, for those who could pay for seats, while the sidewalks from the station down Via Nazionale to the Quirinal had been packed with sightseers in two dense bands, kept back by files of troops, full three hours before the train was expected to arrive.

At a few minutes past eleven, the Royal March was heard, and the procession of carriages from the Quirinal started on its way to the station. Twelve court carriages came first with scarlet-liveried outriders, followed by four municipal coaches. After the grand master of the ceremonies and the guard of

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honor came the carriage of the King and Queen, with the Prince of Naples. The Queen looked radiant and quite young; she was most becomingly dressed in golden-brown velvet embroidered with gold and trimmed with fur. She bowed graciously right and left, evidently delighted at her reception on her return to Rome; the King bowed with his habitual inexpressive automatic movement. Their Majesties were followed by Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, sister of King Humbert; her young son; the Princess Letizia; Helen of Orleans, Duchess of Aosta; the Duchess of Genoa, mother of the Queen, and her son, the Duke of Genoa, with the Duchess Isabella, his wife; Prince Victor Napoleon, the Duke of Aosta, and the Count of Turin. After the princes and princesses of the house of Savoy, came all the ladies of the Queen's household, those just appointed to be ladies in-waiting to the Princess Helen and those of the princesses. Then came the Prefect, Syndic, Senate, and other functionaries of state. It was a brilliant cortège to meet the young bride.

Those who saw her arrival in the station thought she seemed bewildered and shy, which was but natural, with all these new relatives to be introduced to her as soon as she stepped out of the train. On the return, the order of the carriages was changed: the King came first, with the Prince of Montenegro on his right hand, in Montenegrin costume. The acclamations of the crowd were most enthusiastic, and the King signified by bowing to the Prince at his side that they were in *his* honor. Nicholas of Montenegro looked immensely delighted at being thus received by a Roman crowd; his intelligent face beamed with satisfaction as he saluted in Montenegrin fashion. Then came the Queen with the bride and the Prince of Naples. The Princess Helen was dressed in green velvet embroidered in gold, with a green toque and gold aigrette. Twenty-two years of age, she is tall, dignified, graceful, and strong as a child of the Black Mountain should be. She has handsome features and an olive complexion; her large dark eyes are especially beautiful. She was educated at school in Russia, and is said to have a great love of art and to have inherited her father's gift of poetry. On the present occasion she looked pale, but smiled, and bowed responsively to the crowd, who cheered incessantly. The impression she made was excellent. She was dignified, but very gentle and modest. Her journey and the ceremony in the church at Bari, with the night journey following, and then the finding herself in the blazing sunshine, the observed of all eyes, would have been an ordeal for most young girls. The Montenegrin suite, in their red, white, and gold costumes and white-plaited tunics—brown, solid men and good-looking—attracted much observation as they went by in the carriages assigned them. As soon as the last of the Court carriages had passed, the crowd, as usual, broke the files of troops and poured down Via Nazionale to the Quirinal, where their acclamations brought the royal family on the balcony in acknowledgment.

On Friday nothing in particular happened—only an interchange of visits among the royal people at the palace of the Consulta, where the Montenegrin princes are lodged, and the Quirinal, and the reception in the afternoon of the Senate and the Chamber by the King and Queen and Prince of Naples. Meanwhile preparations for the religious ceremony were going on at Santa Maria degli Angeli with more speed than is at all usual in Rome. The façade, which had never been finished, was extended by two stucco pilasters with appropriate inscriptions, between which a handsome baldaquin was erected, very effective in color—blue, white, and gold—on which the arms of the houses of Savoy and Petrovitch were blended. On the summit of the pilasters were vases of flowers, while before the door hung a tapestry curtain on which an angel was represented with the arms of the two houses woven together, with the date October 24, 1896. The Piazza delle Terme looked, when all was ready on Saturday morning, like a vast amphitheatre. The graduated seats of the scaffoldings in quarter circles on either side the church were covered with bunting, and adorned with gold imperial eagles and baskets of flowers at equal distances; the great fountain in the centre played over a vast parterre of flowers.

All was ready as we entered the church at nine to take our places in the remote tribune to which our tickets for the press admitted us. The church seemed transformed into a vast reception-room, with its scarlet carpet and rows of chairs for the invited guests. To right and left were graduated scaffoldings divided into tribunes for the ticket-holders of different categories. The gigantic pillars were half hidden by groups of tall palms and plants at each of the corners of the Greek cross. The high altar had been moved forward to make room for the choir and organ, and on either side hung the precious tapestries Napoleon had given to Pius VII., representing our Lord washing the feet of Peter, and the Last Supper. The altar-piece, newly varnished for the occasion, is by Vanvitelli, a painter of the early part of the last century. By ten o'clock the places were mostly filled. The ladies were all in court dresses and trains with white veils, the gentlemen in uniform with their orders. It was amusing to note the difference in the manner each lady had of wearing her veil and managing her train. The day was a chilly one, with gray sky and threatened rain, so prudent dames came in large white-fur pelerines, which were very unbecoming, making them look like mounds of snow on account of the large puffs of their sleeves beneath. Those who cared for their appearance had their veils adjusted high on their heads, tightly gathered round them, and hanging down to the waist, so as to lose nothing of the outline of neck and shoulders. They dropped their trains on entering, and walked along to their places like proud and graceful peacocks. The ladies of the diplomatic corps were all splendidly dressed and wore magnificent jewels; the trains were all four metres on the ground. The favorite colors were light blue and yellow, dark blue velvet; violet and mauve of various tints for the older ladies, and white brocades of every variety for the younger.

The chapter of the church met Monsignor Piscicelli at his arrival at the door and accompanied him to his place. The entrance of Crispi just before the arrival of the royal party excited the curiosity of the crowd. As the elder of the wearers of the collar of the Annunziata, people were curious to see whether he would shake hands with the Marchese di Rudini, who had the day before received this honor, the greatest in the King's gift, and whom he had to pass before. He walked quietly to his seat, not noticing Rudini, and was greeted by the other wearers of the collar, Gen. Cosenz, the Hon. Farini, President of the Senate, and Donna Laura Minghetti, widow of a knight of the Annunziata. The organ began the music composed for the entrance of the Princess by the Roman organist Capocci, and the Queen's ladies-in-waiting with the Montenegrin suite hastily filled the vacant places, while the representative of the Palatine clergy and the vice-rector of Santa Maria degli Angeli at the door of the church offered holy water to the royal party just entering. The King and Queen came first, taking their seats to the right of the altar; the Queen wore a gold brocade train. Then came the bride in white, with a train on which silver marguerites were woven. She wore a diadem of large pearls and diamonds, the gift of the King, and a long mantilla of exquisite lace, which Queen Margaret had given her. Her father, Prince Nicholas, on whose arm she leaned, was in a splendid red velvet and gold costume, with white tunic. The Prince of Naples followed, with Queen Maria Pia and the other princesses of the House of Savoy in their prescribed order of precedence, taking their places immediately behind their Majesties, while the princes were to the left behind the prie-dieu to which the bride had been led by the side of the Prince of Naples. A silver baldaquin was held over the heads of bride and bridegroom, while Monsignor Piscicelli performed the ceremony of the giving of the ring. The Gregorian chant of the introit was exquisitely given by the choir, as also some of the music of Palestrina from the Missa Brevis, and a gradual, offertory and communio expressly composed for the occasion by Bossi. The nuptial benediction played by the organ was Sgambati's. While the music was excellent, it inconsiderately lengthened out the service, the bride kneeling almost all the time, reading a book of the service which the Queen had had prepared for her. The Prince of Naples stood, as did the King and all the princes. The Duchess Helen of Aosta (the French princess) looked remarkably graceful and handsome in her silver petticoat with pale-blue velvet train, and was in marked contrast with Princess Letizia, who looked her best also in her becoming dress of white and orange velvet.

After the mass and a short sermon which Monsignor Piscicelli read to the royal couple, the procession left the church, bride and bridegroom leading the way. The return procession to the Quirinal was more enthusiastically vociferous than before, and bride and bridegroom had to appear on the balcony again. The civil marriage had taken place at the Quirinal before the religious one. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Naples drove about the city together, looking happy and amused at the enthusiastic greetings they received on every side from the people. To-day, Sunday, at 10, they went to pray at the tomb of Victor Emanuel in the Pantheon. On Tuesday there will be a grand review of the troops. A gala night at the opera, on which occasion "Puritani" will be given, a state concert at the Quirinal, and a general reception of all who have been presented at Court will be the climax for Rome of the wedding festivities. The streets are illuminated every night, flags are flying from almost every house, and the sound of military music is heard at all hours. A modest display of fireworks will be let off on the Janiculum this evening. M. S.

GEN. TROCHU'S MEMOIRS.—I.

PARIS, October 31, 1896.

As Governor of Paris during the long siege of 1870, Gen. Trochu will always have a name in history, a name which will be associated with one of the greatest misfortunes that

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France has ever suffered. After the peace which followed the capitulation of Paris, Trochu ceased to play any part in our history; he died recently in a dignified solitude, but he left Memoirs which will be read with a painful interest.

When Émile Ollivier published memoirs, some years ago, Bismarck is said to have passed on them this severe judgment: "When a man has brought on his country such misfortunes as Émile Ollivier brought on France, the only thing for him to do is to be silent and try to be forgotten." General Trochu does not fall under this condemnation; he did not bring on his country the misfortune of the war of 1870, he was not one of the members of the *camarilla* which surrounded the Empress, which persuaded her that a war with Germany was the only way to secure the throne for her young son, and which was aware of the increasing weakness of Napoleon III., caused by an incurable disease. In fact, General Trochu, far from being *persona grata* at Court, was considered as a *frondeur*, as belonging to the Opposition.

Trochu's military career had been passed in Algeria; he had become attached to the staff of Marshal Bugeaud, who held him in very great esteem. He followed this commander in all his expeditions, from the repression of the great insurrection which followed the disaster of Sidi-Brahim; he assisted him in the conquest of Kabylia, which crowned the conquest of Algeria; he was at his side at the battle of Isly. In July, 1847, Marshal Bugeaud left Algeria for ever and returned to France. Trochu returned with him and stayed some time with him at his château of Durantie, in Périgord. "Come, we have never taken any rest, and I need you," wrote the Marshal to him. "I intend to write the history of the Algerian conquest." "The history," says Trochu, "was begun, but what became of it after the death of my illustrious chief, and what became of Durantie—fallen into the hands of strangers? Hardly had a few years elapsed before a part of the descendants of the Marshal were dead and the rest dispersed into obscurity." The Marshal, in his retirement, said one evening to Trochu: "You are, I think, the youngest superior officer of the army. More fortunate than I, you will reach the summit without going, as I have done, through an almost uninterrupted series of revolutions and of wars."

"'I should not be surprised, Monsieur le Maréchal, if I saw more revolutions and wars.' The Marshal, extremely surprised and almost out of humor—'Your opinion,' said he, 'is very paradoxical; mine is very natural. We have a king who is a model of experience and wisdom. Moreover, he has gone through a long period of revolution and wars; he has suffered by it, and his whole programme of government sums itself up in views of prosperity at home and of peace abroad. He has realized the first by the application of the liberal ideas with which he is imbued. After some years of struggle the factions are now vanquished. Agriculture, industry, commerce have taken on the happiest development. As for our foreign relations, the prudence of the constitutional Government has finally reconciled the monarchies which surround us with the France of 1830.'"

And so the old Marshal went on, insisting on the "relays of sons" who surrounded the King, sons who had been brought up with their contemporaries in the French public schools. Trochu, who was fond of argumentation, explained in his turn the reasons of his pessimism, which he opposed to the old Marshal's optimism. His chief argument was the absence in France of what he called public spirit—"a conservative force, at once social and political, found only in nations which have not been subjected to the assault of several successive revolutions. In England, for instance, which has had no revolution since 1688, this force, this public spirit, establishes between all classes of English society, from the Queen to the Thames boatman, a tie of solidarity and of respect which preserves the crown in a crisis. There are parties in England, and at certain moments factions, which might become as revolutionary as ours; but public spirit contains them. I believe that in France the uninterrupted succession of our revolutions, which are alternately democratic or autocratic, or of a mixed character, like the revolution which founded the Government of today, have divided and enervated the nation to such a point that all public spirit has disappeared. In this ruin of the conservative national element the Government has no other support than the vote of the assemblies. The edifice which has such weak foundations may fall in a day of revolutionary commotion."

These words were prophetic. Marshal Bugeaud soon afterwards returned to Paris, and Trochu followed him. The campaign of the banquets, which preceded the Revolution of 1848, was in full swing. These banquets had for their object to create an agitation in favor of electoral reform. On the morning of February 23, 1848, the Marshal had a visit from the military commander of Paris; firing had taken place between the soldiers who were on guard at the Foreign Office and some men who had fired pistols on the soldiers without any provocation. The Marshal set out with Trochu for the Tuileries. He wished to see the King. They went together in a cab. It was near dinner-time; the King detained the Marshal and his aide-de-camp at dinner.

"You will believe me," says Trochu, "if I say that, never before having attended a royal dinner, I well remember this. The guests were at least forty, all unknown to me, who had just come from the army in Africa, where all my youth had been spent; but, from portraits which I had seen a hundred times, I recognized the King, the Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, the Princes. There were no presentations; the dinner passed in great silence, interrupted only by the intermittent appearances of certain officers coming from outside with news which they gave to General Christian Dumas, whose physiognomy revealed no uneasiness when he reported them to the King. Shall I add that during this dinner, the last which the Tuileries was to see, a singular circumstance (which was perhaps characteristic of the composure of King Louis Philippe in these grave conjunctures) struck me? He had before him a large ham, and he himself cut with much care thin slices which a servant, standing behind him, carried to some of the personages who were present."

After dinner Marshal Bugeaud retired with the King and the ministers. When he reappeared he looked very red and agitated. He left in a hurry with his aide-de-camp, and said to him at the head of the great staircase, "I have offered myself. M. Guizot and the other ministers do not think the gravity of the circumstances such as would necessitate my intervention in the command. They judge that it would, in the eyes of the Parisians, appear an untimely threat. There is nothing to do; let us go." It was ten o'clock; at midnight the Marshal was summoned in great haste to the Tuileries by the King. A new ministry was formed, with the mission of announcing to the populace the concession of electoral reform and the convocation of the national guard.

At an early hour of the 24th of February, Trochu was advised that the King was going to review a few battalions of the National Guard in the Court of the Tuileries. He accompanied Marshal Bugeaud, who received the King, mounted on a superb horse, in the uniform of the National Guard. "Some of those present were not convinced that the King would be comforted by warm acclamations from these choice battalions to whom he paid the honor of this national visit. How shall I express the disappointment which seized us when the King, riding slowly before the front of the first battalion, was received with very rare cries of 'Vive le Roi,' smothered by the concert of 'Vive la Réforme'? The impression made on the King must have been painful, for, not long afterwards, interrupting his review, he reëntered the Tuileries." This episode was the beginning of the end. Louis Philippe thought himself abandoned by the National Guard, which was representative of the middle classes. He resolved to abdicate. Marshal Bugeaud had been asked by the new cabinet, the cabinet of an hour, to quit the command of the troops. Trochu thought it his duty to join the King and the Princes, as firing was heard very near the Tuileries. With a brother officer, he rode to the Tuileries; they tied their horses to the grille and entered.

"In a small salon, receiving a great light from the windows on the garden, King Louis Philippe, in civilian clothes, bent over a table, is engrossed in writing, from time to time lifting his head as if to collect his thoughts. We see only his back. In the middle of the room Queen Marie Amélie, pale under her white hair, is sitting on a chair looking at the King. Near her, standing, a German prince, young, distinguished-looking [it was the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, married to Princess Clémentine, one of the King's daughters]; near him, standing also, the Duke of Montpensier, who seems agitated, and who goes twice to speak in the King's ear, with a sort of vivacity. Behind the King's table stands motionless an aged and respectable-looking man, whose aspect has nothing military. My companion tells me it is Marshal Gérard; he is in civilian's clothes."

Nobody seemed to object to the presence there of a journalist, Émile de Girardin, who had come in and who was discoursing loudly while the King wrote.

"The King gets up, with a piece of paper in his hand, turns towards the bystanders, especially the Queen, and, with a firm voice and attitude, reads the act of abdication which he has just written. The Duke de Montpensier receives it from the King and hands it to Marshal Gérard, who retires. The King joins the Queen, the Duke de Montpensier, the German prince, and they reënter the interior of the palace. But, before disappearing, the Queen stops a moment, lifts her arms to heaven, joining her hands in a movement full of painful and striking dignity: 'Oh, how they will regret us!'"

Trochu was thus accidentally the witness of the principal scene in the beginning of the revolution which, a few hours afterwards, ended in the proclamation of the Republic.

"This revolution," he says, "passed, so to speak, between the legs of our horses, unattacked, unattacking; and the explanation which the legend (which, as usual, became history) found for this easy and extraordinary invasion is imaginary. This revolution was or seemed irresistible merely because, from the beginning of the agitation of the banquets to its consummation, public spirit never and in no degree was a support to the Government. It sufficed, to throw it down, that a few thousands of revolutionists should scream 'Vive la Ligue!' without any act of aggression, and that they should be assisted by as many politicians and loafers of Paris, screaming 'Vive la Réforme!'"

Trochu had become in Africa the friend of all the generals who appeared on the political stage during the Second Republic—of Cavaignac, of LeFlô, of Lamoricière, of Duvivier, of Bedeau; he remained to the end the aide-de-camp of Bugeaud, who died in his arms at

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his château in Périgord. After the funeral, as he returned to Paris, the first visit he received was from an officer of Prince Napoleon, who had been named President of the Republic. Napoleon offered him a place on his military staff, in memory of Marshal Bugeaud.

Correspondence.

HOW THEY VOTED IN VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Probably all your readers will be interested in the following extract from a letter just received:

"The status of things in Virginia is very painful to any one who has the interest of the State at heart. In 1888, when we had a pretty fair election, Cleveland's majority was about 1,500. In 1892, when many Democrats didn't vote for him, it was about 50 000. There was outrageous cheating everywhere, and several Congressmen were unseated on contests. A number of prominent 'workers' in Richmond itself were indicted before a federal grand jury, and their indictment subsequently quashed by a friendly commonwealth attorney. This year for the second time the Australian ballot system has been used in a Presidential election. Bryan's majority as returned was about 20,000. In the *white* counties the returns show a Republican gain of 30,214. In the *black* counties they show a Democratic gain of 9,176, a net Republican gain of 21,038 in the State. If the darkies had been allowed to vote, the gain would have been larger, naturally. I believe the returns are pretty fairly counted, although a big percentage of the votes was thrown out everywhere by reason of improperly marked ballots. The ballot would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer. It took me 1½ minutes to mark mine. The whole fact of the matter is, that with a free vote and a fair count the State would have gone for McKinley by about 20,000 and elected 7 or 8 Republican Congressmen instead of only 2. Contests will be made though, and sound-money clubs have kept up their organization and employed attorneys to vigorously prosecute fraudulent registrars, judges of election, etc. There will be hard times ahead for some of these gentry. I enclose a clipping from the editorial of the Richmond *Times* of November 6, the most important newspaper in the State.

"The method of fraud was very interesting. This precinct, which includes the little town of Ashland and some nearby portions of the county, has about 1,000 registered voters. There were 629 minutes in all from sunrise to sunset of November 3, which naturally required pretty quick work on the part of election officers to get everybody voted. We had anticipated delay tactics, so we got two or three hundred darkies and white men who were known to be anti-Bryan in line 'while it was yet night.' Certain of the knowing ones among us went in early to see what the ballot looked like and to try to head off frauds if possible. It was well we did. In this State the ballot is a dead secret, as to its contents and the order of names upon it, until election day. The candidates for Congress were a certain Mr. Lamb, Bryanite, and Mr. L. L. Lewis, Republican, generally and universally spoken of as Judge Lewis, seeing that he was President of the Supreme Court of the State, a most excellent gentleman. He had been, as I said, practically known as 'Judge Lewis.'

"The ballot read:

John Lamb,
W. H. Lewis,
L. L. Lewis,
Elisha L. Lewis,
John Mitchell.

"Naturally, with this profusion of Lewises the poor nigger who could read didn't know once in a dozen times which one to vote for. It may be said, *en passant*, that to this day nobody knows who the two strange Lewises and Mitchell are.

"Not content with this, they had provided with the ballots pens and a fluid made up of copying ink and mucilage, wherewith to mark the ballots. Now our law is that the voter must cross out the names of all but one candidate for each office with a mark at least three-fourths the length of the name as printed. It required 14 marks to vote a straight ticket. The ballot was about 5 inches wide and perhaps 16 inches long. Imagine the result of 14 heavy black ink-and-mucilage marks on this folded half-a-dozen times.

"Inasmuch as pencil marks are permitted, we had only to warn our friends to use pencils and to see that they had pencils to use. The count gave Bryan a majority of 14; Cleveland's majority in '92 was 265. The total vote for all three Lewises was in excess of that for Lamb, but Lamb got the biggest vote for any one name. About forty ballots were thrown out.

"The gold Democrats had no judge of election representing them. The rule is that there shall be three judges, two from the dominant party in the last election and one from the next. We had, in consequence, two hard-shell silverites and a negro; with the best intentions in the world the latter could make no stand against the two white men.

"This is the true and veracious history of the election here. The effect of it all is perhaps best illustrated by what took place election night in Richmond at the Westmoreland Club. This club is the most select and representative body in Richmond, having a membership of 250. It is largely composed of the older and more solid men of the city, and is to Richmond about what the Knickerbocker or Century Club is to New York. The gold men are about five to one in its membership. Election night they had wires put in and two operators to receive the press returns. About 200 gentlemen were present in the big parlors to hear the result. It had been tacitly understood that no demonstration of applause was to be made, on account of those members whose feelings might be hurt. Things were pretty quiet until, about eleven o'clock, the news of Altgeld's defeat in Illinois and the certainty of McKinley's carrying that State came in. Then the irrepressible applause broke out, and for the first time in the memory of man a gathering of the best men in Richmond, lawyers, merchants, and all sorts of men, cheered a Republican victory. It was great, and it made me feel good to see that the best of us could rise up superior to party, and vote for the good of the country."

The editorial from the Richmond *Times* of November 6, 1896, on "Virginia's Vote," is herewith enclosed.—Cordially yours,

J. S. B.

NEW YORK, November 11, 1896.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A communication having appeared in your issue of October 8 ("American Students in France," by W. H. Schofield), whose tendencies may have been misleading, I beg to submit a letter written by M. Michel Bréal of Paris, Member of the Institute, Professor of the College of France, and Chairman of the Comité Franco-Américain. The words of M. Bréal may serve to correct any erroneous impressions to which the statements of your former correspondent may have given rise.

Very respectfully yours,

HARRY J. FURBER.

CHICAGO, November 12, 1896.

PARIS, 30 Octobre, 1896.

CHER MONSIEUR:

J'ai lu l'article de la *Nation* de New York que vous m'avez communiqué. Je vois avec regret que des rivalités de personnes menacent de se mêler à un mouvement qui devrait réunir dans un même sentiment tous ceux qui s'intéressent au progrès de la science et à la bonne union des peuples.

La part que vous avez prise à ce mouvement est incontestable. En pareil cas, l'initiative est le fait capital. C'est vous qui l'avez prise, en soumettant un mémoire au ministre de l'instruction publique de France. Vous avez, de cette manière, saisi l'opinion de la question.

Vous avez aussi visité nos Universités de province, si peu connues de l'étranger, et vous êtes ainsi assuré des ressources variées d'instruction que possède la France. Ces faits ne peuvent être niés.

Je quitte ce sujet pour vous dire que probablement l'année scolaire ne se passera pas sans que la licence ès lettres (philosophie, histoire, littérature, philologie) soit rendue aussi accessible aux étrangers que l'est déjà la licence ès sciences. Vous savez qu'une fois pourvu du grade de *licencié*, rien ne s'oppose à ce qu'on prenne le titre de *docteur*.

Vous voyez que de notre côté nous faisons ce qui dépend de nous pour faciliter de plus en plus les rapports entre les universités françaises et les universités américaines. Il faut espérer que tout cela aboutira à un heureux résultat.

Je profite de cette occasion, cher Monsieur, pour vous renouveler l'assurance de mes sentiments bien sympathiques.

(Signed) MICHEL BRÉAL.

À Monsieur Harry Furber de Chicago.

SUMMER SCHOLARSHIPS FOR TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is to-day no method by which a teacher's knowledge is so well refreshed and strengthened as by study at the summer schools now instituted in connection with many of our colleges and universities. These schools are better, as a rule, than those that have been organized in the form of summer institutes under State or private control, for, instead of dissipating and tiring the attention, they concentrate it on one or two subjects that the student selects from a large list of offerings. While many of the college summer courses are not particularly related to common-school teaching, others are very pertinent to the needs of the teacher. It is true that they do not dwell on the minutiæ of method, but they supply in fresh and vigorous form just such expanded knowledge of a subject as the progressive teacher needs for her own comfort and peace of mind while she is teaching its elements. Although these summer schools involve a certain measure of mental effort, this is of a kind so unlike that called forth in school teaching, and the whole occasion is so free from the wearing responsibilities of the school-room, that a teacher in good health finds the change of thought and scene an invigorating rather than an exhausting experience.

But if it is now suggested to a teacher that she might to advantage spend a month or six weeks of her vacation at some college perhaps a hundred or more miles from her home, she may fairly answer that her small salary will not enable her to enjoy such a luxury; and here is the point of the whole matter. Teachers cannot, as a rule, afford on their present salaries to pay for the summer instruction that they need; hence the payment should be made, under certain restrictions, by the school authorities. Their duty is not done when the school building is erected, warmed, provided with desks, books, apparatus; when teachers are engaged and set to work on a certain programme. Besides all this, systematic opportunity for study on the part of the teachers must be afforded, and sooner or later this must come to be recognized.

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This phase of the problem was last spring brought to the attention of the Woman's Education Association of Boston, and, as an experiment, a fund of nearly four hundred dollars was thereupon accumulated, partly from the treasury of the Association, partly by special subscription, to provide scholarships for Boston teachers in some approved collegiate summer school. After consultation with the officials, ten teachers were nominated for "nine and a half" scholarships—the fund did not quite provide ten—and, according to a report lately made to the association, all took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, with pleasure and profit. It is probable that a similar effort will be made next spring, when the number of teachers reached may be somewhat increased.

It will be a long time before the public funds will suffice to provide any considerable number of scholarships of this kind, and in the meantime the plan should be brought to the attention of local organizations, such as village-improvement societies, women's clubs, teachers' associations, and the like, from which at least one or two scholarships might be provided in every large village or small city. The school authorities might then appoint the beneficiaries. It does not seem advisable that the less competent teachers should be thus "patched up"; they should not be re-engaged when their incompetence is discovered. The competent, progressive teachers are the ones in which a village can best invest its scholarships, thus raising the standard of competence higher than before.

Two practical results may be expected to follow from the local establishment of summer scholarships in this way. The local and even the State authorities will in time be led to consider the formal adoption of the scheme; and even if only one scholarship is allotted to a town having twenty teachers, the investment will be a good one, yielding visible dividends. Furthermore, generous testators will here find a new direction in which they can give assistance to their native or adopted home; and a bequest of moderate amount, as bequests go nowadays, would thus yield a long-lasting benefit. The Gregg Fund of the Indianapolis School Board is thus applied. It seems that Thomas D. Gregg, a native of Vermont, but for some years resident in Indianapolis, dying in 1876, left his property, valued at $25,000, to the city "for the benefit of its schools." It is hardly necessary to say that the will was contested; but the city received about $10,000, and since then this sum has increased to $22,000 in the hands of a judicious trustee. In 1894 it was decided by the school board, led by Mr. Jones (now Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland), to apply the income of the fund, about $1,400, to providing scholarships for teachers. No teacher over forty years old is eligible. The beneficiaries receive half their usual pay, as well as the scholarship, and obligate themselves to teach for at least five years in the city schools of Indianapolis. Some have thus spent a year in Europe; others have attended summer schools in this country, as advocated above. It can hardly be doubted that as soon as the knowledge of this excellent fund is widely spread, similar funds will be generously provided elsewhere.

There is one direction in which those who are interested in the plan here outlined may even now exert pressure on school officials with some fair chance of success. This is on the State boards of education, under whose control the normal schools are conducted. A very moderate expenditure would suffice to send a teacher from each normal school in a State to some summer course; and whether the normal teachers are college graduates or not, the result of such refreshment in their special fields of work would be most advantageous. It will be interesting to note the first State in which this practical plan finds adoption. D. V.

ELEMENTARY ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To get at the trouble in this matter we have to go back of the high schools to the grammar schools. The mistakes that shock one in candidates for a freshman class are generally such as ought to have been shameful in candidates for a high school three or four years before.

A few weeks ago one of my children entered the fifth grade of a grammar school. I had to provide two drawing-books, four blank-books, and seven text-books. This experience discloses one of the causes of the weakness of pupils in the ability to write English. The children have so many things to do that they have no time to learn quietly to write simple English correctly.

I do not think that the teachers like this condition of affairs. If there is one wish common to every one engaged in the work of education, it is the desire to have young people learn to write simple English correctly. The "classical" men and the "science" men and the "practical" men all agree on this point. One will hear from a professor of Greek, from a professor of chemistry, and from a business man the same complaint, that the young men who come to them do not write English with decent correctness.

This is a homely subject, but one in which I believe most readers of the *Nation* are interested. I therefore beg leave to say, speaking from considerable experience in primary work, that I think two changes are necessary. First, school-boards and superintendents must consent to simplify the programmes of the upper grades of the grammar schools. Secondly, they must throw away the nice-looking "language lessons" and substitute a simpler method, with more practice and less rule. Nothing is so good for teaching the correct writing of English to young pupils as the simple practice of dictation exercises, chosen, to suit the pupil's age, from some well-printed edition of a classic author. The "language lessons" give a great deal of theory and direction, while the need is constant practice and correction.—Very respectfully,

James H. Dillard.

Tulane University, New Orleans, Nov. 14, 1896.

CHAUCER IN ITALY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: From a communication in your last number it appears that I have been unwittingly driving a furrow in the Chaucer field already traced by Prof. Flügel. Now that my attention is for the first time called to his review of Prof. Skeat's Chaucer in the *Dial* of February 16, 1895, it is clear that the "new" Chaucer date, for the end of the first Italian journey, was then first given to the reading public as an ingenious surmise; first raised to certainty by a line of Latin in my communication to the *Nation* of October 8. The ratio of credit for the "new" date I am quite content to leave to Prof. Flügel's generosity, joining him heartily in the wish that all Chaucer records may soon be printed in a single volume.

In justice to Prof. Flügel, however, I must insist that the date as then given by him was "new" to Chaucer scholars as well as to the general public. The description of the roll in "Fresh Chaucer Notices" (1873) is not only ambiguous, but wrong as it is there punctuated. As it stands it can mean only that the accounts, not the journeys, lasted from December to May. Prof. Skeat, not unnaturally, so read the description, and Prof. Flügel alone among Chaucer scholars appears to have seen the true, behind the literal, interpretation of the notice. Appreciating the value of his surmise, one could wish that he had published it more conspicuously, while he cannot but be gratified to see it vindicated by the publication of the roll.

Oddly enough, since I learned of these foreign accounts, through the personal kindness of the president of the Chaucer Society, the Chaucer Society notice came under my eye only after I had printed the roll in the November *Modern Language Notes*. A communication already in the hands of the editors of that journal will make due amends.

Regretting that my ignorance of Prof. Flügel's review made it obviously impossible for me to acknowledge its priority in the communication of October 8, I gladly make good that omission at this earliest opportunity.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

Williams College, November 13, 1896.

MR. NOGUCHI AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In justice to Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, and in defence of our own rights as his editors and publishers, we would call attention to the misleading character of an announcement that appears in the *Philistine* for November. It is stated therein that a book of verse by Mr. Noguchi will be put out by the Roycroft Press about Christmas. In point of fact, Mr. Hubbard has no manuscripts of Mr. Noguchi but three, which he has refused to return, one of which he prints in the current number of the *Philistine*, ignoring the author's desire that it should not be published in the shape it appears. As regards the issuance of a book of poems, Mr. Hubbard has no authority for announcing anything of the kind, and can base his action only upon an assumption of Mr. Noguchi's consent.

He further errs in stating that Mr. Noguchi is a pupil of Joaquin Miller, for such is not a fact, in any wise.

Of the purpose of the Society of Philistines to give a dinner to Mr. Noguchi, it need only be said that that gentleman has not been consulted, and has given his enterprising host no encouragement whatever.

Very truly yours,

Gelett Burgess & Porter Garnett.

24 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Nov. 5, 1896.

Notes.

Way & Williams have nearly ready 'The Acrobatic Muse,' humorous verse by Richard Kendall Munkittrick; and 'Hours with Famous Parisians,' by Stuart Henry.

A Life of Roger Sherman is announced for

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speedy publication by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, will make a holiday edition of Charles Yriarte's 'Venice,' with index, map, and twenty-eight photogravures.

Copeland & Day are about to issue 'A Boy's Book of Rhyme,' by Clinton Scollard.

Early next month, Gelett Burgess & Porter Garnett, San Francisco, will publish "Seen and Unseen," poems by Yone Noguchi.

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue directly 'On the Trail of Don Quixote,' by August F. Jacacci; 'How to Listen to Music,' by H. E. Krehbiel; 'Songs of Childhood,' composed upon twenty of Eugene Field's lyrics, by Reginald de Koven, Arthur Foote, and others; the Complete Poems of the late H. C. Bunner; 'A Winter Swallow,' by Edith M. Thomas; 'That First Affair, and Other Sketches', by J. A. Mitchell; and 'Margaret Ogilvy,' by J. M. Barrie.

The diligence of T. Y. Crowell & Co. in communing with the past continues unabated, and we have from them Adolphus William Ward's edition of Pope's Poetical Works in two volumes, illustrated—more comely externally than in its condensed typography; Bourrienne's Memoirs, also in two volumes with illustrations, but more agreeable to the eye; and a presentable little reprint of Hawthorne's 'Wonder-Book.' The Bourrienne has been, by the aid of thin paper, reduced from four volumes, and has therefore not been promoted, but for reference it answers every purpose, and there has been a reduction in the price.

We are not surprised that a third edition of Mr. John Dennie's readable and scholarly 'Rome of To-day and Yesterday: The Pagan City' has been called for in three years. Seldom does one meet with more animated description in a field where it is difficult to escape being as dry as a guide-book. Since we gave the book welcome, the imprint has been changed to that of G. P. Putnam's Sons, who now send it out in a very elegant dress. The fifty-eight illustrations from photographs are unhackneyed in a quite unusual proportion, with fresh points of view even for familiar objects. No better popular introduction to Roman antiquities could be named. The amount of information compressed in it is enormous.

As usual at this season, the Messrs. Putnam put their chief effort into Irving, and we have 'Bracebridge Hall' in two volumes, dubbed the Surrey Edition. A deep border in green surrounds the letterpress, with a change of two patterns, both designed by Margaret Armstrong, and well designed for their purpose. Mr. Christy's initial letters are hardly in keeping with this framing, nor do they call for praise as invention; but they do not offend. The illustrations, by numerous well-known artists, are of excellent average quality, and, were they less harmonious than they are, are separated by broad spaces of text and have a full page for each plate. Miss Armstrong, again, furnishes the successful cover design, in white and buff and gold. Altogether, the publishers have not fallen short of their previous efforts in this line, while attaining a novel effect.

"Shakspere and no end," in a dozen 16mo volumes contained in a trim case, comes to us from J. B. Lippincott Co. The set has been manufactured in Edinburgh, with the customary good workmanship of that city. The print is fair and open, the paper of good quality, the volumes light and ready to the hand. There are no notes, and the only apparatus consists of a linear glossary in fine type for the more obsolete expressions, and of a chronological table at the end of the third volume, for the plays. It is no longer easy to rank this class of minor Shaksperian issues, but the present one should be an acceptable possession for anybody.

Meanwhile the delectable little Dent-Macmillan "Temple Shakspere" proceeds to its happy conclusion with 'Venus and Adonis' and 'The Rape of Lucrece'; and the same combination produces two more of the admirable Balzac series, 'Beatrix' and 'The Peasantry,' while Macmillan alone brings out the fifth of Björnson's novels, 'The Bridal March, and One Day,' stories just twenty years apart in time, and the last a temperance idyll.

Miss Wormeley's translation of Balzac (Roberts Bros.) has for its latest production 'Juana.'

The uniform Riverside Edition of Mrs. Stowe's Writings (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) goes rapidly forward with three additional volumes; two being given up to 'Dred, and Other Anti-Slavery Tales,' and the third to 'Stories, Sketches, and Studies,' in which is included the memorable sketch of "Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl"—and orator, if one were to describe her fully. 'Dred' has its own little 'Key,' in the guise of an appendix. Richmond's flattering portrait of the author, with two imaginative illustrations, form the frontispieces.

Finally, Messrs. Scribner send us two more volumes of their solid and handsome "Thistle Edition" of Barrie's novels, tales, and sketches, namely, 'A Window in Thrums' and 'An Edinburgh Eleven,' and the first part of 'A Little Minister.'

Dr. Carl Horstman continues, with unabated zeal, his activity in the publication of Middle English religious works. The second volume of 'Richard Rolle of Hampole and his Followers' has just appeared (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan). It contains nearly four hundred pages of important texts, the most extensive of which is the metrical Psalter often ascribed to Rolle, and formerly edited by Stevenson for the Surtees Society. Perhaps the most interesting piece in the volume, however, is certainly not by Rolle; it is entitled "A Talking of the Love of God," and is an ecstatic and ejaculatory meditation, written in a strange mixture of prose and verse. Dr. Horstman's plan is to "follow up the Northern manuscripts which contain, or may contain, Rolle's works," and to lay the results before his readers in the mass. His method of editing is well known, and, though open to criticism in several points, is yet, on the whole, a sound and useful one. We wish he could be persuaded to give, if not an index, at least a table of contents! The introduction is an intensely interesting study of the life and character of Richard Rolle, who was certainly one of the most remarkable men of his time. Dr. Horstman promises an edition of the Latin works, which will be very welcome, in "one of the next volumes" of the series. We wish him all success in his arduous task.

Archæologists have learned to look for original research and independent views in every new work of Mr. Cecil Torr. His latest, 'On the Interpretation of Greek Music' (H. Frowde), has these qualities in a high degree. The author regards the recent interpretation of ancient music as radically defective, because, by using the modern scale of equal temperament, it represents different ancient notes by one and the same modern note. Mr. Torr's own notation, by letters, numbers, and dots, is cumbrous, liable to confusion, and, after all, not much easier than the original note-letters. Mr. Torr, after manipulating the mathematical ratios of the Greek scale in an ingenious but somewhat abstruse way, had himself a series of tuning-forks made according to his discoveries. He declares that the sequence of tones, semitones, and quarter tones is exceedingly pleasing to the ear. However this may be, his calculations are of great value as finally disposing of Mr. D. B. Monro's absurd notion that the Greek modes differed in nothing but pitch. In treating of the duration of notes, Mr. Torr finds a curious analogy between the octave with its six tones of three steps each and its two semitones of two steps, on the one hand, and the hexameter, with its dactyls of three syllables and its spondees of two, on the other, the analogy being made closer by the cæsural division of the verse and the two tetrachords of the scale.

Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston, have issued, under the direction of C. A. Duniway of the Harvard Graduate School, the handbook of (American) 'Graduate Courses, 1896–97,' with a useful account of the academic careers of professors and instructors, and much other information desirable in making a choice of institutions (twenty-four in all).

We had occasion, not long ago, to speak of Mr. D. H. Fisher's transformation of Boissier's 'Rome et Pompéi.' The same enchanter has been at his spells again, and, in 'The Country of Horace and Virgil' (Putnams), we have what he has made of Boissier's charming second series of 'Promenades Archéologiques.' We can honestly congratulate Mr. Fisher upon his improvement in writing English; the book reads easily, and the style and subject are both attractive. But we cannot help thinking that when a man meddles with Roman subjects, he ought at least to be fairly well acquainted with Latin. Whether one has such acquaintance who puts periods into the middle of Latin sentences, and who prints such things as *ahi*, *flacco*, *ocupletem*, *deerent*, *Marullus* (twice on one page, for Marcellus), and *credas adduction* (for *dicas adductum*)—this question we leave to the answer of the reader.

Mr. Shuckburgh, in his edition of Suetonius's 'Augustus' (Cambridge [Eng.] University Press; New York: Macmillan), deals with the work almost entirely as a biography. He accepts in the main the text of Roth, and does not contribute much towards its improvement, although he makes one or two useful suggestions in his introduction, and his preface contains a few hints on the author's diction. The notes consist largely of passages from Dio and other historians, quoted to expand and explain the somewhat sketchy narrative of the biographer. In an appendix we find the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, a genealogy of the Emperor's family, and an account of what became of the assassins of Cæsar. The introduction, too, contains a helpful chronological table of the principal events during the lifetime of Augustus. The book will be a valuable auxiliary to all interested in the great Emperor.

Much of Dr. J. Asbach's 'Römisches Kaisertum und Verfassung bis auf Trajan' (Cologne; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) has already appeared in periodical literature. It is in three parts, the first dealing with the development of the imperial system down to the accession of Vespasian, the second

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with the changes under the Flavian dynasty, and the third with the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, together with an inquiry into the historical and political judgments of Tacitus. Indeed, the whole book has grown out of the learned author's interest in Tacitus, and it will be welcomed by all who are engaged in teaching or studying the brilliant historian.

Among a varied group of entertaining articles in the current *New England Magazine*, the well-written and restrained account of "A New England Village in the Southern Pines," by B. A. Goodridge, will not fail to impress the reader. All experiments in autocratic town-building challenge our American curiosity, and Pinehurst, in Moore County, North Carolina, was created and is controlled by a benevolent despot, Mr. A. W. Tufts of Boston. This capitalist employed the most eminent landscape artists in the country to lay out his town in the sandy, long-leaf pine region, where the soil, the altitude, the climate, the aromatic groves are so favorable to consumptives in the early stages of the disease. He built hotel, casino, and cottages, furnished water and drainage to the settlements, lighted it with electricity, gave it a trolley connection with the railroad, shut out from it the liquor-saloon and the razor-back hog, and made it not the resort of fashion, but the inexpensive refuge of invalids of moderate means who cannot endure our Northern winters. The article is captivatingly illustrated.

The Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic, issued by our Hydrographic Office, gives, in the November issue, besides the usual information for the past and the current months, a special discussion of antarctic icebergs, appropriate in this period of renewed interest in south-polar exploration. Some of the bergs are deservedly called "ice islands," as they measure 300 feet in height above water and 25 or 30 miles in length, being the offspring of the great antarctic ice sheet, to-day the most remarkable unexplored area of the earth's surface. Temperature of air and water is not regarded as a sufficient indication of the neighborhood of a berg; various instances being quoted where no change was noted close to large ice masses. Two southern circumpolar charts accompany this report.

An elaborate discussion, by Dr. Cæsar Puls, based on a large collection of original observations of temperature and currents over the equatorial Pacific Ocean, has been published with twelve monthly charts in the *Archiv der Deutschen Seewarte* at Hamburg. The most interesting results concern the equatorial counter-current, which is explained as chiefly a compensation current, to dispose of the excess of water carried west by the south equatorial current. There seems to be no escape for much of this water but by flowing eastward in a narrow belt, for about eight thousand miles, a little north of the equator. Just as the north and south equatorial current vary in strength through the year with the known variations in the power of the driving winds, so the counter-current is alternately stronger or weaker, as the winds favor or oppose it in our summer or winter. At its east end this current does not turn south, as one might expect from the southeast trend of the coast, and as it is represented on some charts, but wheels sharply around to the north and west, joining the north equatorial current. The waters of the counter-current thus cross the Pacific three times—twice westward, once eastward. They moreover continually carry a considerable volume of water from the southern to the northern hemisphere at the surface, being comparable in this respect to the more direct cross-equator current of the Atlantic. Another result of importance is that the cool water of the Galapagos district does not all come by the Peruvian current from far southern latitudes, but is supplied in good part by water upwelling from deep layers along the South American coast, to make good the withdrawal of surface waters by off-shore winds.

An especial interest is given to an article on the ancient course of the Oxus in the *Annales de Géographie* for October from the practical bearing of this question on the development of Central Asia. The author, a Russian engineer who has spent several years in exploring the country between the Caspian and the Oxus, contends, on geological grounds mainly, that the river never flowed into the Caspian. The Russian Government, however, regards the question as an open one, for an expedition started in September last to see if the turning of one of the supposed ancient beds into a navigable canal would not be less costly than the construction of the proposed railway from Orenburg to Tashkend. Another question of Asiatic geography, the sources of the Irawadi and Salween Rivers, is satisfactorily discussed by M. E. Roux, the companion of Prince Henry of Orleans in his daring journey from China to Assam. The region watered by the upper Nile and its branches is the subject of an interesting study, illustrated by several maps showing the variety and extent of the characteristic forms of animal and vegetable life, the density of the population, and the occupations of the various races inhabiting it.

—The *American Journal of Germanic Philology* is announced to begin its career with the opening of 1897. Thus far the only periodical of the kind in this country has been the *Modern Language Notes*, with probably the addition of the Transactions of the Modern Language Association. The new undertaking is started under the management of Prof. Gustav Ernst Karsten, head of the German department in the University of Indiana. Prof. Karsten has been in America about ten years, and by his constant and thorough work has won a high reputation as a scholar and investigator. He was graduated in 1878 from Marienburg College in Prussia, and continued his studies at the Universities of Leipzig, Königsberg, Heidelberg, and Freiburg, winning the doctorate at Freiburg in 1883. The next two years he spent in study at Tübingen, London, and Paris. He has always been active in the Modern Language Association of America, and is now the leader of the section of this Association for the Central and Western States. The *Journal* is not to be American in the strictest sense, but to be the result of coöperation between scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, to which end Prof. Karsten has associated with himself as co-editor Dr. Georg Holz, who has risen to a high place in the Germanic department of the University of Leipzig. Nothing but articles of real scientific value, written by competent specialists, will be admitted. The reviews will give a critical account of all important work done in Germanic philology, and, for the first year or so, they will be somewhat retrospective, so as to acquaint the reader with the present status of the various topics. While the German and English departments will be most prominent, all related branches will receive appropriate consideration. About six numbers, constituting from five to six hundred pages a year, will be published. The subscription price for this country will be $2; for foreign countries, $2.50.

—Immunity from acts of vandalism is not among the advantages of an older civilization upon which our cousins over sea can safely plume themselves. No spot in England is of more romantic interest than the bold headland which is approached through the ancient village street of Tintagel, and upon which stand the fragmentary remains of King Arthur's Castle. Near this site it is proposed to build a hotel in the "castellated style." Not an American visitor to Tintagel would for an instant hesitate in a choice between being thus sacrilegiously housed and putting up inconveniently in one of the pretty cottages, when, as often happens, the modest "Wharncliffe Arms" is taxed beyond the limits of its capacity. Unsatisfied with this threatened desecration of the cliff itself, Cornwall's unique glory, the spoiler now proposes to put buildings upon Barras Head, the piece of rocky and heather-clad land which faces it across the waters of King Arthur's Cove. In order to stay his hand, the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Natural Beauty and Historic Interest issues an appeal for subscriptions to a fund of £505 wherewith to purchase the Head and its fourteen acres of waste. Americans are, as usual, generously included in the opportunity to subscribe. It is to be hoped their response will be helpful. The address of the treasurer of the National Trust is No. 1 Great College Street, Westminster, S. W.

—The first half of Mr. James Schouler's '*Historical Briefs*' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is made up of miscellaneous pieces contributed from time to time to periodicals, or read at the meetings of the American Historical Association. Several of the magazine articles here reprinted have been already noticed in these columns, and hence do not call for particular comment in their present dress. The two relating to President Polk's administration, published last year in the *Atlantic*, are of the first importance for their revelations of the evils of the spoils system and of the origin of the war message of May 11, 1846, and raise again the hope that we may before long be permitted to know still more of the diary and correspondence on which they are based. The papers read before the American Historical Association treat generally of various aspects of historical writing, under such titles as "Historical Grouping," "Spirit of Research," "Historical Industries," and "Historical Testimony." To complete this general range of discussion, Mr. Schouler has added brief papers on "Historical Monographs" and "Historical Style," this last being somewhat in the nature of a reply to critics who have not found the author's own style wholly commendable. Of Mr. Schouler's substantial and enduring merits as a historian there is, of course, no question; we fancy, however, that readers of these "briefs" will value them more for the knowledge they afford of the author's methods of work than for any very original contribution they make to the general subject of the study and writing of history. As to the matter of style, we still cannot think that Mr. Schouler has quite made out his case. To have written a history of the United States with which all students must reckon, is unquestionably a great achievement; but no amount of substance can ever quite offset a pervading inelegance of manner, of which not only Mr. Schouler's chief work,

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but the present volume as well, furnish constant illustrations. A biography of Mr. Schouler, by an unnamed hand, based upon material furnished by the historian himself, fills the remainder of the volume before us. If its prevailing tone is one of almost fulsome praise, it is at least interesting, and will doubtless find many readers among that large class who long to know much about the private lives of distinguished men. It is not often that an author is permitted to read so elaborate an account of himself, or has the dubious satisfaction of seeing the story form part of a volume of his collected writings.

—The latest development of Lord Macaulay's scheme of competitive examination, as applied for recruiting the high-salaried and much coveted India Civil Service, is of interest, in a general way, not only to Englishmen. At present the subjects recognized for the examination in question, with the maximum of marks assigned for each, are as follows: French, German, English, Sanskrit, Arabic, English Composition, 500 each; Greek, Latin, 750 each; Mathematics, Advanced Mathematics, 900 each; Elementary Chemistry and Physics, Higher Chemistry, Higher Physics, Geology, Botany, Zoology, Animal Physiology, 600 each; English History, 500; Greek History, Roman History, 400 each; General Modern History, Political Economy, and Economic History, 500 each; Logic and Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, 400 each; Roman Law, English Law, Political Science, 500 each. None of these subjects are obligatory. For the Open Competition of August, 1896, the Report on which has recently been issued, there were 193 candidates for 62 vacancies. The age of a candidate was fixed at above 21 years, and under 23, on the first of last January. Of the 62 successful competitors, as was likewise the case with the unsuccessful competitors, a large proportion also competed for less eligible appointments, namely, 8 for Eastern Cadetships, 10 for the Home Civil Service, and 32 for both. Out of the 62, at least 38 are said to have qualified themselves at Oxford, and there are no more than three natives of India. Only two of the candidates who passed, and five of those who failed to pass, brought up Sanskrit as one of their subjects; and, with the exception of a single unfortunate (presumably a Muhammadan) who was rejected, No. 94, no one brought up Arabic. The selected candidates will now, enjoying a stipend from the Government, devote themselves to certain prescribed studies till next October, when, on testifying to the Civil Service Commissioners a sufficient acquaintance with them, and satisfying the Medical Board of their physical fitness, they will enter on the performance of their duties as servants of the State. By no means, however, should the fact remain unnoticed that the list of successful candidates mentioned above is headed by a Bengalee. This remarkable Oriental, who was not a twelvemonth past his majority at the beginning of the year, bears the name of Chatterjee, as it is the fashion to write Chatoji, which is substituted, by corruption and otherwise, for the scholastic Chattopâdhyâya. His ten subjects and the marks he scored for them are given as: English, 324; Sanskrit, 279; English Composition, 405; Mathematics, 179; Advanced Mathematics, 27; English History, 365; General Modern History, 423; Political Economy and Economic History, 249; English Law, 211; Political Science, 389. While his marks reach the total of 2,851, those of the sixty-second candidate amount, for eight subjects, to only a trifle more than four-sevenths of that number, viz., 1,648.

—At the inaugural meeting of the Oxford Society of Historical Theology, held on October 23 at Balliol College, the President, Dr. Edward Caird, Master of Balliol, spoke on "Christianity and the Historical Christ." Having drawn a parallel between the recent harking back to Kant of Cohen and other idealists and the movement in recent theology back to the image of the original founder of Christianity as expressed in his authentic words and deeds, he pointed out that both movements, though useful and fruitful, involved to a certain extent an illusion. Striking passages from Jowett's note-books served to point this objection. "Even if we knew exactly what came from Christ," said Jowett, "it is in perpetual process of depravation, and needs to be restored; it is in process of being narrowed, and needs to be enlarged, or rather in any case it needs to be enlarged if it is to comprehend the world. There is a fallen Christianity if there is a fallen man, and man is always falling." The speaker declared that the utmost uniqueness to be claimed for Jesus as embodying "the deepest and most comprehensive principle of religion" could only be that of one "in whom the different elements which had existed in the previous religious experience of man were reconciled." Indeed, if we could suppose "spiritual food to be introduced into man's mind which it was incapable of assimilating, it would not only be useless, but fatal to his growth." Christ must be interpreted, he said, by that which sprang from him, "by the whole impression which he made upon his own and the immediately succeeding generation." We must take him in this way if he is to be regarded as the centre of our religion. Jewish prophecy, Rabbinical doctrine, Greek philosophy, had already mingled their colors upon the palette from which Christ, who knew not their language, was painted. St. John's Gospel is the record of one whose mind was "steeped in ideas kindred to those of Alexandrian philosophy," St. Luke's shows poetic power and the influence of St. Paul's universalism, St. Matthew's is preoccupied with the realization of Messianic prophecies, and the earliest narrative of St. Mark, though clearly showing traces of growth in the teachings of Christ, and recording the awe with which their originality inspired the disciples, shows us a Jesus already surrounded by an element of thaumaturgy which sprang from the habits of contemporary thought. Indeed, the distinction between Jesus and his Jewish predecessors might all but fade away if we were able to narrow down his thoughts to their first Jewish expression; or, if it did not, it would be mainly because we should still read his pregnant utterances by the light of the whole subsequent development of Christianity. We seek a new freshness and fulness of meaning in the first immediate expression of the Christian consciousness of human brotherhood. But what we thus try to brush aside —St. Paul's idealizations and expansions, the scrupulous clearness aimed at in Scholasticism, the great experiment of medical asceticism, and the new effort of modern thought to remould its ethics and theology—has not been a waste of force. The philosophy of Nietzsche is a symptom, which might become a malady, the speaker argued, if we had not learned, "through the long discipline of the mediæval Church," the vanity of any "limited effort for the self-realization of the few at the expense of the many."

—It was suggested several years ago by one of our correspondents that to prevent the reading into Dante of much that he could not possibly have meant or felt, we should study the illustrations made for the 'Divine Comedy' before Florentine Naturalism, the study of classical antiquity, and the new cosmography had so radically changed the visual imagery of the European mind. As if in sequence of this suggestion, M. C. Morel of Fribourg now publishes (Paris: H. Welter), under the title of 'Une Illustration de l'Enfer de Dante,' reproductions in heliotype of seventy-one miniatures for the 'Inferno,' executed by an Italian artist during the earliest years of the fifteenth century, and now to be seen in two fragments—the larger in the National Library in Paris and the smaller in the town library of Imola. The artist quaintly attempts to illustrate every important episode. He is childish, but circumstantial, and with an occasional touch of that poetry which can be imparted by form and color only. Thus certainly was Dante imaged in the average mediæval mind, and Dante's own visual images were no doubt of much sublimer import, but scarcely different in kind. M. Morel's introduction is far too long and too dull. He believes that these miniatures were made for the bloodthirsty Filippo Maria Visconti, tyrant of Milan.

VAN DYKE'S FRENCH MASTERS.

Modern French Masters: A Series of Biographical and Critical Reviews by American Artists. With thirty-seven wood-engravings and twenty-eight half-tone illustrations. Edited by John C. Van Dyke. The Century Co. 1896. Pp. xiii, 262.

A BOOK on art written entirely by artists must needs have, for good or evil, a different quality from that of the general run of books on art. Whether better or worse, its critical tone will be different, and so will its literary style. Fifteen American painters, all of them of good standing in their profession, and many of them of the highest, have here given us critical and biographical notices of twenty of the foremost painters of France. The result cannot but be interesting in the extreme. Five of these notices have already appeared in the columns of the *Century Magazine*, but the other fifteen are new. Each artist-critic has, however, written independently and in the vein that best suited him, and the book can hardly be said to have a general plan. Perhaps the editor might have advantageously supplied a connecting thread of historical comment which should have bound his grain-spears into a sheaf; but he may well have thought that his material was too various to be treated in this way, and that it was best to let each of his writers say his own things in his own manner, so he has confined himself to a short introduction, in which he merely poses the question of the relative advantage of criticism of painters by painters as against that by professed critics. Symmetry and proportion are therefore not to be looked for in the book, and the essays it contains must be judged of separately as so many isolated articles, each on its own subject.

Several of the painter-authors are already well known to the public, through the columns of current magazines and reviews, as writers on art subjects. These have given us, as was

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to be expected, balanced and satisfactory pieces of critical writing. Others have written in a vein of personal reminiscence, and their work may be considered rather in the light of contributions to biographical knowledge than to criticism. Still others are almost entirely inexperienced in literature, and have not the advantage of a stock of personal anecdote to communicate, their claim to be heard resting merely on their technical knowledge and their artistic sympathy with the painter of whom they write. How does the criticism of these painters compare with that of the trained writers who have written of art? We think it compares very favorably indeed.

The objection most frequently made to criticism of art by artists is that the artist is necessarily too biassed in his views to deal out abstract justice; he is in the midst of a battle for his own views of what is right in art, and cannot pause to be just to his opponents. He is generally supposed, indeed, to be narrow, pig-headed, violent, and it is even said, with some plausibility, that he must be so to be a successful artist. Narrowness is taken as a measure of intensity, and it is, in some degree, true that he who is to greatly succeed in one thing must be blind or indifferent to everything else. The obvious answer to this objection is, that criticism may be valuable though biassed, and that an intense perception of one truth may be worth more, though accompanied by oblivion of others, than a lukewarm impartiality that sees everything alike because it sees nothing sharply. A better answer is an appeal to facts. Read this book carefully and see if there are to be found anywhere within its covers such exaggerations of enthusiasm or such extremes of denunciation as mar the pages of, we will not say Ruskin, the mad-bull of literary criticism of art, but of any one of hundreds of such critics down to the merest smart scribbler for the scavenger press. Knowledge, in the long run, begets moderation, and while, in private conversation, the artist and, above all, the art student, is apt to express his feeling strongly, and to confine his appreciations to "stunning" or "rot," put a pen into the hand of the painter who has really learned something and ask for his sober judgment of another painter, and his knowledge of how much that other has really learned and accomplished will show itself.

The second objection sometimes made to the painter as critic is that he rarely has sufficient general and literary culture to tell intelligently what he knows. At strongest, however, this is but an objection against some painters' writing, not against all. Years ago Mr. Hamerton thought it necessary to show "that certain artists should write on art." To-day it would be more necessary to show that not all artists should write on art. It has long been conceded that literary men should criticise literature and musicians music; nowadays the criticism of painting is falling more and more into the hands of painters. Occasionally these hands are incompetent, but the reader of the present book is likely to be surprised at the high general level of competence.

Among the painters already well known as writers who contribute to this volume are Messrs. Blashfield, Coffin, Kenyon Cox, and Will H. Low. Each of them contributes two papers, Mr. Blashfield writing of Bonnat and Laurens, Mr. Coffin of Rousseau and Dagnan-Bouveret, Mr. Cox of Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes, and Mr. Low of Gérôme and Boutet de Monvel. Mr. Blashfield has written most judiciously of the two masters that have fallen to his share. One of them was his own master, and for him he doubtless feels a personal affection, but the art of neither of them can have been particularly sympathetic to him. All the more noticeable is the breadth of view, soundness of judgment, and perfect balance which his articles show. They are not enthusiastic, but are eminently sane. Mr. Low's account of Gérôme shows similar qualities, while his criticism of Boutet de Monvel is that of a personal friend and a sympathetic temperament, full of delicate appreciation, yet making no extravagant claims of greatness. Mr. Coffin's sterling article on Dagnan is already well known, and that on Rousseau is a no less admirable piece of clear insight and lucid statement. Mr. Cox's study of Puvis de Chavannes has already been highly praised in these columns. In that on Baudry he has perhaps allowed his honest enthusiasm for that great artist to lead him into too great a strength of statement for the easy attainment of conviction, though the careful reader, who will study exactly what he does say, and not content himself with a rough estimate of what he seems to say, will find that the proper qualifications are duly stated.

These eight articles are alone sufficient to prove that "certain artists should write on art," but there are others, from less practised hands, that would answer the purpose almost equally well. There is nothing sounder or better in the book than Mr. Samuel Isham's critical account of the work of Courbet, and nothing more delicate than the charming appreciation of Corot by the regretted Theodore Robinson, while Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Tryon, and Mr. Watrous have each something to say that was worth saying. In a different vein the late Wyatt Eaton's reminiscences of Millet are well known as among the most valuable contributions to a knowledge of that painter, while Mr. Weir and the late G. P. A. Healy each give some interesting facts about Bastien-Lepage and Thomas Couture respectively. The former gives his recollection of the legendary crowning of Bastien's picture, after his failure to gain the Prix de Rome, which differs entirely from the current version of the story. The scene was in reality a cheap Latin-Quarter restaurant; the picture crowned was not the unsuccessful picture, but an earlier work, and the chief actor was not Sarah Bernhardt, but one of the artist's fellow-students.

Another question on which, according to Prof. Van Dyke, the present volume was intended to throw some light, is that of the relative value of reproduction by wood-engraving and by "half-tone." This is a matter, he says, "about which not only the painter and the public disagree, but about which artists among themselves differ." We have often threshed out this subject in these columns, and will only say here that we have never known an artist who did not prefer a good half-tone reproduction *of his own work*, whatever he might think of the merits of wood engraving in the abstract. The illustrations of both sorts are very good in the present volume, as was to be expected from the publishers, but we are of opinion that the best of the half-tones indisputably bear away the palm in the matter of fidelity to the originals.

The editor furnishes a very brief biographical notice of each contributor. The paper and print are of the handsomest. Altogether here is a book which those interested in art cannot afford to neglect.

HUGO'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

The Letters of Victor Hugo, to his Family, to Sainte-Beuve, and Others. Edited by Paul Meurice. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

SELDOM has the Nemesis of posthumous publication borne more heavily on greatness than in this first instalment of the letters of Victor Hugo. As there is no preface by the editor to explain what principle of selection was applied to a correspondence presumably vast, the responsibility of issuing a volume most of which will prove irredeemably dull to the best disposed of readers must be laid to the charge of Hugolatry, pardonable, perhaps, in a devotee. The book does not add to the fame of Hugo or to literature in general, but it will serve as a partial corrective to the bitter prejudice of M. Edmond Biré, whose opinions of the poet's character have been widely influential in the reading world. The letters are arranged, not in chronological order, but in groups addressed respectively to Hugo's parents, to his wife and friends, and to his children, with a specially important collection, forty-nine in number, to Sainte-Beuve. Two appendices contain communications with the secretary of the Académie des Jeux Floraux of Toulouse, chiefly concerning technical details in the poet's earlier work, and several letters which did not enter conveniently into the scheme of classification. Nothing being here published subsequent to 1845—the date of the last note to Sainte-Beuve—later volumes may offer some compensation for the disappointments of the first.

Of the family and friendly letters it may be briefly said that they present to us a good son, an affectionate husband and father, and a thoroughly sincere friend, who appears as much interested in petty chronicles relating to the daily lives of those dear to him as in any fame he is steadily building up for himself. He abounds in warm-hearted assurances of friendship, in praise of ability where he thinks it is due. This is noticeable in his hearty greetings to Alfred de Vigny (iii., 6, 8, 19, 20, etc.), to Lamartine (iii., 25, 58, etc.), but above all to Victor Pavie (iii., 28, 30, etc., etc.), a literary youth in Angers, who won Hugo's favor by his enthusiastic notice of 'Odes et Ballades' in a local sheet, and was rewarded with the following hazardous panegyrics, which time has not ratified:

"Young as you are, you belong to a distinct category, the only privileged one that nature creates; you have the *mens divinior* which raises a man above his fellows. And although I have seen but very little from your pen, I have no difficulty in foretelling your future (p. 107)."

"They [Pavie's verses] possess the characteristics of the best specimens of our renovated poetry, the union of grace and vigor, of youth and maturity, which is the stamp of all our great poets (p. 110)."

"Go on with these articles; make our Paris papers blush for their inferiority to a provincial paper [p. 114]. . . . Only the great articles in the English reviews are fit to be compared with yours [on Hugo's "Cromwell"]" (p. 116).

If we acquit Hugo of deliberate "log-rolling," because of the private nature of these remarks, it must yet be admitted that praise was a shuttlecock which he returned with more vigor than accuracy in aim. In commending his friends his eagerness gets away with his discrimination, as, for example, in the case of the third-rate poet, Alexandre Soumet (p. 85), "who . . . has . . . finished his 'Saül,' which I prefer to his 'Clytemnestre,' which again I prefer to everything that

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has appeared on the French stage for the last fifty years." At that time (1822) the great man was still young, and perhaps a trifle given to gushing. But the most remarkable feature of these letters to friends is their apparently studious avoidance of all specific literary discussion; for, although frequent mention is made of literary work, the epithets used to describe it are merely superlative or vague. Vigny's "Symétha" is "adorable"; "La Consolation d'une Mère," by Jules de Rességuier, is a "touching and graceful elegy," and so on in the consecrated phraseology of booksellers' circulars. Regarding the definite merits of his own poems he was, naturally enough, more keenly solicitous; and the letters to the secretary of the Floral Contests at Toulouse (1819-20), given in Appendix A, testify to his scrupulous care for word, rhyme, and metre.

As for the letters written by Hugo to his children and to his wife, the world might well have dispensed with them. Here the poet sits down, as it were, in dressing-gown and slippers, for a simple chat with those whom he has left at home. No one who has read 'L'Art d'être grandpère' needs further evidence of Hugo's love of children, or of his characteristic and happy knack of talking to them without a trace of the patronizing manner, but with a constant flow of geniality, good spirits, and tender consideration. By far the least acceptable are the letters to Mme. Hugo, which might have been written by almost any loving husband to any beloved wife. There is, we think, something that savors of indelicacy, not to say indecency, in this exposure to the general gaze of the secret affections of a great man's heart, and it seems inexplicable that none of the immediate relatives should have attempted to put some check on this part of the publication. Although one may detect signs elsewhere in the correspondence that Hugo was not free from the vanity that looks for a possible future publicity, one may rest assured that these letters were never written with a thought for any one but the woman to whom they were addressed. When the poet chose to take the public into his confidence, he did so in verse, as in "Date Lilia," the last of 'Les Chants du Crépuscule'; but there is no sign of his usual histrionic pose in what he writes privately to his wife.

The correspondence with Sainte-Beuve is merely an exhibit of Hugo's side of a once celebrated case, for the intimate details of which literary quidnuncs have long been on the alert, though the real secret of the dispute was let out years ago through the indiscreet gossip of candid friends. Once again the trite cynicism of *Cherchez la femme* proves painfully true, and explains the origin of the coolness that entered into the friendly relations between the poet and the critic, and finally effected their hopeless separation after many trials (chiefly on Hugo's part, it seems) to preserve the intimacy. We may keep up the mockery of omitting a name unmentioned in the letters, but it is obvious that Sainte-Beuve's misfortune in losing his heart rendered frequent meetings undesirable. It would be worse than cruel to join in the insult of a French *sabreur* of letters who, a week or two ago, compared the critic on this occasion to a "toad venturing to look up at a star." Hugo makes a fair, even generous, showing for himself throughout, as the accompanying extracts testify:

"We have talked a great deal about you with all our friends. Your ears must have tingled. Not a line has been heard in my hermit's cell but has made me long for your poetry" (p. 181). "If you only knew how much we have missed you of late! How sad and empty it seemed to us, even amid our family life, even with our children around us, to move into this deserted town of François I. [Blois, though the letter is dated from Paris], without you" (p. 186). "I may have said that you were *changeable* in your opinions on art and such like trifling matters, but not in your affections. Do not let us bury our friendship in oblivion; let us keep it pure and sacred, as we have always done" (p. 189). "Let us give up seeing each other, then, for some time to come, so as not to cease loving each other" (p. 195). "The friendship between you and me, Sainte-Beuve, is too firmly and durably cemented to allow petty, personal questions to divide us for a single moment" (p. 206). "I think I have already told you, Sainte-Beuve, there can be no *literary* question between us. There were two friends, no more and no less. I admit that absence has produced an opposite effect on us both. You love me less than you did two years ago, while I love you more. On reflection, the explanation is very simple. I was the offended party" (p. 210). "I should have preferred less praise and more sympathy [in Sainte-Beuve's article on Hugo's novels, July, 1832, among the 'Portraits Contemporains'] . . . Victor Hugo is overwhelmed with praise. Victor Hugo thanks you; but Victor, your old friend Victor, is grieved" (p. 214).

If Hugo's vanity had been touched in a sore spot by the qualified praises of his former friend, it is by no means proved that Sainte-Beuve's change of tone from earlier days was altogether the outcome of disappointment which led to spitefulness. Enough has been said of late years, by the latter's detractors, of his touchy and jealous disposition, but in this instance it is only charitable to wait for full testimony on his side. The amazing part of all this remains, that, in spite of injunctions from his correspondent, these letters were not at once destroyed; but it is the fate of such documents to be pigeon-holed and to serve in the end for the rekindling of old scandals.

So few of the other communications possess any sort of interest that they call for no notice. What, indeed, could be expected from a man who, in a letter to his wife telling of the coronation of Charles X. at Reims (1825), to which the young poet had been bidden by special royal command, finds nothing livelier than the following schoolboy sentence to convey his impressions? "We have seen the coronation, my Adèle; it is a deeply interesting ceremony" (p. 67). And a few days before, his chief preoccupation seems to have been the cut of his court coat and the fit of his knee-breeches. Truly, it is to be hoped that later volumes will contain matter more worthy of serious attention than this, and thus offer a fair field to the conscientious efforts of the anonymous translator.

The Island of Cuba: A Descriptive and Historical Account of the "Great Antilla." By Andrew Summers Rowan and Marathon Montrose Ramsey. Henry Holt & Co. 1896.

THE writers of this volume state in their preface that they have had occasion recently, "in connection with the discharge of official duties," to make some investigations respecting Cuba and its relations with this country, whence the present production. It is a small compilation, partly historical, partly descriptive, mainly designed to give correct information. One of the authors is a lieutenant of infantry in our army; the other a professor of Romance languages in Columbian University at Washington.

So far as concerns climate, physical geography, statistics, and facts strictly historical —*i. e.*, wholly disconnected with present questions—the book seems reliable; but when the authors undertake to discuss the Cuban problem as it exists to-day, their statements cannot be followed blindly. For instance, at the outset they exhibit five "points of view," of which one is that "England and France are appealed to by the bondholders for protection, and are unwilling to see Cuba pass into the possession of any one strong enough to make any real use of it." This is wholly unsupported by evidence, and is antecedently most improbable. Assuming that England and France, as governments, are undertaking to protect the interests of holders of Spanish bonds, their only interest in the matter is to see that the bonds are not repudiated; and if they could be assured that the bondholders would be protected, the substitution of a better government on the island for that of Spain would necessarily be welcomed by England and France. The authors themselves, in their third "point of view," call attention to the importance of the bondholders' interests, which makes it all the more strange that they should imagine England and France to be trembling with jealousy and anxiety lest Cuba should fall into the hands of a "strong" Power. What the bondholders fear is dishonesty, not strength. The truth is, that the Spanish Government has been for years putting on the market and is now putting on the market bonds which (p. vii.) pass into the hands of religious, educational, or charitable institutions, widows and orphans, and for the payment of these bonds the faith of Spain is pledged. The obligation is inviolable, whether Spain possesses Cuba or not, but the revenue of Cuba is absolutely essential to enable the mother country to pay its interest. Consequently, the loss of Cuba without indemnity means for Spain repudiation. The feather-headed Jingoes in Congress who talk glibly of the independence of the island and whoop for annexation will very likely pass all this by with a smile; but it is really this which makes the Cuban question so difficult; the other branches of it are much simpler.

There is every reason why Cuba, like the rest of the Spanish-American world, should govern itself. It is miserably governed now by Spain, and there is no hope of any improvement. As things are at present, prosperity and commerce are out of the question. The island is garrisoned by some 200,000 troops, or about one soldier to every male Cuban capable of bearing arms. Spain has possession of all the cities and lines of communication, and the Cubans, far from being organized as an independent and responsible people, are "more like outlaws" (p. 213). The authors seem to think that they may be entitled to recognition as belligerents; but recognition as such would not alter the facts. It would make our position more difficult, because our ships would be liable to stoppage on the high seas, and Spain would escape all liability for damage to American property in any locality which we refused to regard as Spanish territory. Filibustering expeditions from our shores would be as illegal as they are now. What is wanted is not belligerency, but peace and self-government, free from the oppression of a tyrannical and foreign rule. With peace and self-government, Cuba would attain the condition which other countries have attained that have thrown off the Spanish yoke. No doubt there would be revolutions and corruption, but the Cubans prefer to plunder themselves and provide their own dictators, rather than be plundered by a distant

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government, and to be obliged to pay, besides, for having their efforts at self-government put down by it. All this is very natural, and excites much sympathy in this country, but it does not advance the solution of the financial question in any way.

The authors give an account of the *Virginius* affair which is very inadequate, and serves to still further becloud a case made foggy enough already through diplomacy. The *Virginius* was stopped on the ocean, and taken into a Cuban port, where many of those on board, American and British citizens among them, were taken out, courtmartialled, and shot. For these wholly unjustifiable executions indemnity was demanded and paid. We also made a point of the arrest of the *Virginius* at sea, because she was flying the American flag. But this came to nothing, for, as the authors say, she had no right to fly the flag. They describe her, however, as a "smuggler and ocean tramp, sailing under false colors," while she really belonged to Cubans and was in use in aid of the insurrection. Our contention was that, assuming her right to the flag to be established, the Spanish had no right to stop and search her because *no state of war existed*. This is made very clear in Grant's message on the subject. On account of the fraudulent character of her register, we abandoned our demand for a salute; but the important fact remains that we were ready to go to war with Spain for stopping an American vessel when no *state of war* existed. The Cuban sympathizers are now always clamoring for a recognition of the very state of belligerency which gives the belligerent the right to stop ships.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. English, French, and German translations comparatively arranged in accordance with the text of Edward FitzGerald's Version; with further selections, notes, biographies, bibliography and other material, collected and edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 2 vols.

THE Omar Khayyám cult has the unique distinction of claiming to add at one stroke a new classic to the world's brief list. Since Goethe, no other name than Omar's has been confidently announced as being in this category. Even those who claimed that Browning or Emerson was, so to speak, of Classic Size—as a rising American statesman is said by admirers to be of Presidential Size—have made their claims tentatively and, as it were, under privilege of withdrawal; but the claim in behalf of Omar Khayyám is definitive. Hence the propriety of a variorum edition; and to this are to be added the remarkable circumstances under which the work came into English. Introduced by one of the most gifted and most daring of translators, the very question how much belonged to the Englishman and how much to the Oriental was for years left open. From the moment that FitzGerald began also to arrest attention by his other versions, and especially by his "Agamemnon," the distrust grew greater of the authenticity of his previously known work. He added outright to the tragedy of Æschylus passages of such noble thought, such superb poetic rhythm, as to show how easily he created such things for himself, and if with Æschylus for a basis, why not with Khayyám? The only test, of course, was in such an edition as Mr. Dole now offers us—that, by a comparison somewhat resembling the comparison of equations in algebra, we may readily ascertain what the different versions have in common, and may thus reduce the problem to its lowest terms.

The result, it must be admitted, is two-fold. It is shown beyond a doubt that the Omar element is larger and the FitzGerald element smaller than was at one time feared; and, on the other hand, it is also made clear that some of the most striking features of some of the very crucial passages in the book are as absolutely interpolations as is the fine passage "Call not on death, old man!" in FitzGerald's "Agamemnon." This does not affect the beauty or power of the lines; it simply removes whatever share of interest was imparted by their supposed origin at a certain place or time. This applies especially to that which is, by general agreement, the high-water mark of this book, in respect to force and daring, viz., the passage which not merely holds the Deity responsible for the creation of the sinful being whom he rules, but presses home the appeal with such Miltonic vigor and directness as to lodge the thought for ever in the mind of the most unwilling reader:

> "O Thou who Man of baser Earth didst make,
> And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake;
> For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
> Is blacken'd, Man's forgiveness give—and take!"

There is probably no other verse in the whole Rubáiyát to which so many readers will turn for verification, through the comparative process; and the result will be a disappointment. In the three varying forms given of FitzGerald's version from successive editions, the symbol of the snake and the final, defiant proffer of forgiveness remain substantially unaltered; but neither in the version of Nicolas, nor of McCarthy, nor of Whinfield, nor of Bodenstedt is there the slightest trace of either. The inference is irresistible that both are of FitzGerald's own creating, and this is confirmed by Prof. Cowell, FitzGerald's first teacher of Persian, who says that this is unquestionable as regards the snake, while the latter interpolation may be attributed to a mistake made by FitzGerald in the original language. He adds that he himself wrote to FitzGerald from Calcutta and urged an alteration, but it was never made (Dole, p. 159). It would be strange if it had been. With FitzGerald's daring theories as to the liberty due to the translator, it would not have been at all like him to abandon his own most stirring passage.

This is perhaps the most salient instance of the value of this first variorum edition. It is due to Mr. Dole to say that he could scarcely have found an author to whom it would have been so hard to apply any such comparative method. Not only are the successive editions of FitzGerald full of variations, but, inasmuch as in even these the verses or *rubaíyát* selected are also very different, and as each translator has, moreover, selected what he pleases, the result is very much as with the Greek Anthology, in dealing with which each editor or translator is apt to take what he fancies and let the rest go. The method adopted by Mr. Dole is to give (1) an elaborate and careful introduction, (2) FitzGerald's sketch of the author, (3) the reprint, without annotation, of FitzGerald's second edition, in order to present it in complete shape before the eye, (4) to repeat it verse by verse, giving two pages to each verse, with one or more variant FitzGerald renderings and from two to six parallel translations—usually one in French, two in German, and three in English. This occupies the first volume, and nothing can be better arranged or more laboriously and conscientiously executed. The whole second volume is devoted to appendices—these varying from two or three pages to a hundred (the annotated bibliography including a hundred and six). Mr. Dole justly remarks that "all the extant references to Omar in all languages would require a lifetime and make a library in itself" (p. 544). Even Mr. Dole himself comes so near to this that it might almost be said of his edition, as Emerson said of Swedenborg, that it furnishes "a sufficient library for a lonely and athletic student."

With such a profusion of matter it is impossible to avoid some repetition and even occasional confusion, of which some critics have complained; yet there is little which can be spared, nor is it often that one has to criticise an editor for too great affluence of information. When it is considered that Mrs. H. M. Cadell has examined eleven MS. copies of Omar (p. 438), of which seven are in England and four in Paris—these ranging severally from 158 quatrains or *rubais* (in her phrase) to 516—and that there are probably a thousand quatrains attributed to the poet, of which nearly three hundred are undoubtedly genuine, it becomes evident that it is all a mighty maze; and that Mr. Dole, who is not himself a Persian scholar, has simply done his best to achieve a coherent whole. He certainly merits the profound thanks of all who love the fascinating old pagan bard. We are glad to see that he recognizes the great services of American scholars in bringing his author before the public, paying tribute to Professor Norton, Mr. Garner, Mr. Siller, and—in a different way—to Mr. Levi L. Thaxter, whose misprinted middle initial is the only typographical error we have found in the two beautifully printed volumes.

Walton's Compleat Angler. A new edition, with an introduction by Andrew Lang and illustrations by E. J. Sullivan. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.

THE feature of this last of the many editions of 'The Compleat Angler' is the introduction by Andrew Lang, who has treated his well-worn topic with grace, skill, and much piscatorial knowledge, which adds greatly to the charm of the essay. The introduction is in four parts, (1) "His [Walton's] Life," (2) "Walton as a Biographer," hitherto a neglected aspect, (3) "The Compleat Angler," and (4) "Fishing Then and Now." Mr. Lang has succeeded in finding new and interesting matter for all these divisions of his subject, of which the last two are angling essays by themselves, though none the less relating to the topic in hand.

While the Anglo-Saxon race retains its love for nature and for angling, and for him whose simple art in their description excels that of all pastoral writers, many men of fame in letters will write introductions to many future editions of Walton, but it is safe to say that it will be long before another reaches the mark Mr. Lang has set in this edition of 1896. After reading his introduction one feels that he has learned more of Walton's character, thoughts, and associations than he ever knew before, and the knowledge that Izaak "greatly loved the society of the clergy, connected himself with Episcopal families, and had a natural taste for a bishop," that "Walton, like Cyclops, had known love," with other information as to his habits and inclinations, brings us into a pleasing intimacy of companionship with the kindly philosopher. Of course Walton was an ardent Royalist, and on the

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return of King Charles in 1660 he "produced an eclog":

> "The King, the King's returned and now
> Let's banish all sad thoughts and sing
> We have our laws and have our King."

Anent this, Mr. Lang says: "If Izaak was so eccentric as to go to bed sober on that glorious 29th May, I greatly misjudge him."

Walton was sixty years old when 'The Compleat Angler' was published, and his last book, the 'Life of Sanderson,' was written in 1678. Of this he says: "'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his, for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age, but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may be; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say Amen."

The manufacture of the book is satisfactory, and so are in general the illustrations by Sullivan, although somehow he does not seem to be fully in accord with the spirit of the book and age, and on p. 308, where the drawing is entitled "Let's now rest ourselves in this sweet, shady arbour," the arbor, with its "contexture of woodbines, sweet-briar, jasmines, and myrtle," is left entirely to the imagination, and Piscator and Venator are sitting at a table apparently placed in the middle of a barren ten-acre field.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Book of Old English Ballads. Macmillan. $2.
Balzac, H. de. The Peasantry. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Carus, Paul. Karma: A Story of Early Buddhism. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co.
Dana, Mrs. W. S. Plants and their Children. American Book Co. 65c.
Fenn, G. M. In Honor's Cause. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hawkins, Rush C. Better than Men. J. W. Bouton.

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